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Hoover, "in considering these things naturally raise the question of the treatment of our fellow countrymen who have already invested their savings in Russia, not alone because of any solicitude for the comparatively small sum of such investment but because their treatment will be an index of confidence to others." This is the attitude which we commend elsewhere in a leading article.

Failure in the Conference; defeat in the Commons. This is the record of the Coalition this week. We would not glory in these disasters were they not coincident with the best interests of our country at home and abroad. The failure at Genoa is a triumph—dearly bought perhaps, but none the less a triumph—for traditional British policy. We are not a European nation. We are the mother of a mighty Commonwealth. The problems that confront a country whose children have peopled half the world may be removed from view but are not settled by this worship of the graven image of Europe. Let us remove our eyes and our hands from the Continent. It will recover its former strength and what of health it had, in the course of time. It will not benefit by the shaking that our great representative so incessantly gives it.

If the failure of Genoa has saved us—as it obviously has—from the most extravagant commitments, so has the defeat of the Government on the second reading of the School Teachers' (Superannuation) Bill shown that the English House of Commons can still take its stand upon a point of honour. Whether or not the teachers had received a sealed bond from the Government guaranteeing their salaries in full at the higher rate, or whether or not those of the profession who have been recently engaged came forward enticed by a scale of pay which they deemed irrefragable, we shall not stop to ask. The casuistry of a Government that is prepared to sell its soul for two pieces of silver can doubtless demonstrate to its own satisfaction that although the bargain was a bargain and was understood to be such, nevertheless . . . notwithstanding . . . etc. The fact remains that the Burnham scale was adopted and the Government has no moral right to go back on it in such a cavalier fashion.

The defeat of the Government on Tuesday throws an interesting light on the personalities concerned. Mr. Chamberlain did what Mr. Bonar Law when he was Leader of the House would never have done. He failed to take the advice of the Whips. It has been quite obvious throughout that the present Leader of the House is not sensitive enough to be impressed by the general feeling of the Commons. Lord Robert Cecil, by moving the adjournment of the House, seized one of those rare opportunities that are given to Statesmen in opposition. In moving the adjournment of the Debate he united all the various oppositions. That is a phenomenon which we have long wished to see. As it is, the prevaricating tactics of Mr. Chamberlain invited a defeat which might easily have been avoided.

Notes of the Week

AS we anticipated, all that has been decided at Genoa is the date of the next Conference. Probably even that will not be adhered to. The business had an unpleasant smack about it from the beginning. It was felt that the Premier was only going there for personal reasons connected with his own domestic political position. He hoped to seize a formula which would serve as a good electioneering cry. As he has failed to do so, it looks as if we should have to wait for a little while longer before he goes to the constituencies. He described Genoa as the left wing of the Angel of Peace, of which Washington was the right. Well, the left wing has been broken and the Angel cannot fly. Earl Balfour came back with a laurel wreath. Mr. Lloyd George doubtless rehearsed the part at Criccieth, but he comes back unhonoured and unsung.

With a promptitude that is quite surprising the United States Government have declined to join in the proposed Conference at the Hague, and when they say that it "would appear to be a continuance under different nomenclature of the Genoa Conference" they sum up our own attitude towards these peripatetic conferences. Their insistence that "the restoration of the productivity of Russia . . . must in the nature of things be provided within Russia herself" furthermore reiterates what we from the beginning have said. The United States note, together with the messages of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, not only bear out the spirit but have a distinct verbal similarity with the view repeatedly expressed in these columns, with which our readers are familiar. The hopes expressed of the reconstitution of Russia by artificial respiration are as inflated as the Russian rouble. "Our citizens," says Mr.

There were some hours of grave anxiety when the motion of the adjournment of the House was carried. A telegram was of course immediately despatched to Mr. Lloyd George. Not only his supporters, but many others, feared that he might seize the opportunity to resign and exploit the vote as a vote against economy. He happened to be in exceeding good humour after a pleasant dinner and affected—if it was not genuine—a high amusement. He wired to Mr. Chamberlain instructing him to throw in a supplementary estimate immediately. This was done with great precipitancy and may be considered as clever tactics, but unnecessary. It is by no means right to construe a vote which was given in favour of an honourable course as a vote against economy. If it were a question of voting for one or the other, Sir Frederick Banbury interprets the best feeling when he says that he has never voted for extravagance and he has also never voted for the breaking of a pledge. This sums up the situation.

The desire of the Government to sacrifice the school teachers, whereby, be it noted, they would only save £2,300,000, must be considered in conjunction with their more general plan of retreating helter-skelter down the road which was to lead to the land fit for heroes. Right and left they have broken their promises and thrown over Act after Act. For our part we disliked almost every single Statute which they put upon the book, but Parliamentary Government has reached a very low moral degree when the same Government can accommodate itself both to its own conception of what is right and that of the opposition. If it is the desire of the Coalition completely to annul each and every one of the Acts of Parliament that it has passed, it is surely time that it left this task to those who were honest enough to oppose them from the beginning.

The Geddes Committee proposed a saving of eighteen millions on the Educational Estimates. Mr. Fisher, in his estimates, undertook to save only six millions. He disregarded almost all the very careful suggestions which the Geddes Committee had made, and strangely enough only fastened on this one recommendation of £2,300,000 to be achieved by compelling the teachers to give up 5 per cent. of their salaries towards the Pension Fund. In principle we hold that not only the teachers but all other public servants should contribute towards their pensions. But the Government cannot so easily escape the consequence of its original lack of foresight. It must now, quite rightly, wait for the report of the Committee that is to investigate the question. We have no sympathy at all with the Government, and its claim that the vote given on Tuesday was a vote given against economy is a ridiculous pretension when it is put forward by a Cabinet that has only taken fifty millions out of the Geddes proposals. It is not tenable for an instant that the £2,300,000 makes the difference between economy and extravagance. There is, unfortunately, a far wider margin.

In our view the teaching profession should be adequately and even generously remunerated. But there is no credit whatever to be taken for the giving of high salaries unless high qualifications are demanded. The type of person who teaches in our State-aided schools is not of such high intelligence that he could command the same figure in any other branch of employment. When the Government gave the high salaries they should have given them to a better class of men and women. However, what has been done cannot be undone. The teachers have shown themselves to be a very efficiently organized body. Their claim for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the propriety of the Government's proposed reduction commended itself quite justifiably to all sections of the House. Seeing

that the Government is not anxious to put the other Geddes suggestions into operation without the most searching enquiry and examination there can be no ground for making an exception of the teachers. It is not even as if the Geddes report had been accepted as a whole. Once exceptions are made there is great difficulty in putting into operation even the small part that has been accepted.

Is Lord Reading in India as the representative of the British Government or is he not? Is it his duty to conserve British interests and British Empire interests or is it not? No doubt he has a duty to India, but has he no duty to England too? We ask these questions because he was present the other day at a dinner given at Simla to Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, when that person, who is about to tour the British Dominions on an alleged mission of conciliation, said that the people of India had "absolutely no faith in the intentions and declarations of the British Government," and that there was "nothing so tragic in the whole history of India as the complete wreck of confidence in that Government." Mr. Sastri, however, paid many compliments to the Indian Government, and Lord Reading paid many compliments to Mr. Sastri, though Mr. Sastri's adulation of the India Government was coupled with threats of what India will do in the event of Indians not being admitted freely to Kenya and Uganda. No wonder that the *Englishman* of Calcutta asks: "What is this about India remaining in the Commonwealth only if she gets what she wants—which is equal status for the Indian emigrant, however superstitious and ignorant, however low his standard of life, with the European colonist?" Lord Reading listened to the rubbish talked by Mr. Sastri, and by his very presence appeared to accept it. It is not in that way that India is to be saved to the Empire, or the Empire itself maintained.

A dispatch from Cairo announces that the Constitution for Egypt has been drafted by the Egyptian commission appointed for that purpose by Sarwat Pasha and his Cabinet, and that the final text will be ready for submission to them in a few days. In our last issue we drew particular attention to the astonishing pretensions on the part of Egypt to the complete domination of the Sudan that were embodied in the draft Constitution. Since then statements have appeared in the Press giving details of the findings of the commission with respect to Egypt's claims, and these clearly show how incompatible these claims are with British interests or those of the Sudanese themselves. But it seems that the commission, not content with dealing with the Sudan in this fashion, though the Sudan is a "reserved subject," has also inserted in the Constitution a clause which is in complete conflict with another reserved subject, namely, the provision for the protection of minorities. According to the framers of the Constitution there are in Egypt no minorities, but Egyptians only; and as minorities do not exist, they need no protection! This, of course, is absurd, but it serves to indicate what trouble is ahead when the British Government comes to discuss a genuine, and not a pretended, settlement with the Egyptians.

Last week M. Gounaris was compelled to resign the Premiership of Greece, and on Tuesday he was succeeded by M. Stratos, whose government lasted just one day. This unsettled state of affairs can scarcely tend to bring about an improvement in the Near East. The new Government, whatever it may be, will have at its disposal the large sum of money which M. Gounaris obtained by means of the forced loan he successfully engineered in April, and will therefore be in a position financially to maintain the army in the field for a considerable time. The strength of the Greek forces in Ionia and Thrace is

put at 300,000 men. In the former area fighting continues, though on a small scale. But the whole situation in the Near East has been further clouded by authentic reports, to which Mr. Chamberlain referred in the House on Monday, of Kemalist atrocities perpetrated on the Greeks in Anatolia. Lord Curzon has made a proposal to Paris, Rome and Washington for the dispatch of a commission of inquiry. But in fairness it must be said that there are authentic reports of Greek atrocities committed on the Kemalists. Lord Curzon's proposal does not go to the root of the matter—which is to be found only in that general settlement of the entire question by Britain, France and Italy that we have urged for months past.

A situation of singular, perhaps sinister, interest is opening out in China. Defeated near Peking by Wu Pei-fu, Chang Tso-lin fled towards the north, and was thereupon deprived of his Governor-Generalship of Manchuria by the Peking Government, who, it must be remembered, had conferred that office upon him, and by whose authority, legally at any rate, he held it. Chang, however, halted many miles south of Mukden, the Manchurian capital for which it was said he was heading, and having now received reinforcements he is not only preparing to make a stand, but has proclaimed the independence of Manchuria and parts of Mongolia. In a word, he throws down the gauntlet again to Wu, who must take it up or "lose face," and have his plans for the unification of China ruined. Sooner or later Wu will have to suppress Chang, and this may mean that he will have to extend his operations into Manchuria. If he does so, he will infallibly come into contact in one way or another with the Japanese. Chang was their man, and probably is so still. The question is, How far will they go in support of him? At the Washington Conference, about which our readers know our views, Japan pledged herself to non-interference in the domestic politics of China. It is quite likely that there will soon be an opportunity of seeing what precise value is to be attached to that pledge. "Watch Japan!"

The Government is wisely appointing three Committees to investigate suggestions made by that very brilliant body, known as the Geddes Committee, to whom the income taxpayer owes his small relief. The first is to enquire into the practicability of a Ministry of Defence; the second into the co-ordination of services common to the various fighting forces; and the third into the feasibility of introducing a system of lump sum instead of percentage grants to Local Authorities. As regards the first of these Committees we shall await its report with the utmost interest, and seeing that the matter to be considered is one on which the advice of experts must in the end be taken, it would be superfluous for us to venture any premature comment. The questions to be considered by the other Committees, however, are matters on which we have strong opinions. To put it shortly, we concur unequivocally with the Geddes suggestions on these points. Before leaving the subject, let us express a hope that the Geddes Committee, having done such efficient work, will not be allowed to die, but will become an institution empowered to make recurrent inquests into our administration. Numerous advantages would accrue—and not the least of them, the taxpayer would be kept informed and vigilant.

We would strongly urge Mr. Austen Chamberlain, when drafting the terms of reference for the Committee which is to enquire into the co-ordination of services common to the fighting forces, to enlarge their scope so that services common to other departments may be considered at the same time. Alternatively, a separate Committee might be appointed. The taxpayer—it is obvious—suffers greatly from the present system under which each Department is considered as watertight.

Consequently separate buildings, separate medical services, separate accounting arrangements, and so forth, are multiplied unnecessarily. This not only applies in the central departments but is repeated in the localities. Intensive economy is urgently needed and can only begin after the whole of our administrative machinery has been overhauled.

None of us can be surprised at this time of day by anything that happens in Ireland. Nevertheless, that surprising country is well maintaining its reputation for paradox. The South trembles upon the brink of Civil War; Mr. Rory O'Connor and his irregular stalwarts go where they like and do as they please; Belfast mourns a nightly toll of murders; nowhere is there any order or authority. But what does that matter? Preparations are well ahead for *Taileann Aonach*, the national sports festival which is to be held this summer. And the Provisional Government has made full plans for a commercial air service to link up Cork with London and Paris. This learning to fly before it can walk is in the proper Irish tradition. There is still hope.

Mr. J. A. R. Cairns sat for many years at the Thames Police Court. We are interested to have his observations on the migration of crime. He tells us that those who have the idea that the East End is the resort of the criminal suffer a misconception and informs us that "the criminal area is in the West End." This *ex cathedra* pronouncement by so well-established an authority does but confirm us in our own impression that crime is accompanying civilization on its progress towards the setting sun and not remaining behind. Its character is also changing and the criminal no longer spurns, as did the Jack Sheppards and the Jonathan Wilds of the Augustan age, the vulgar and the commonplace. No more does the wrong-doer risk his life in the perpetration of some courageous, reckless deed, but conducts his infamies from the security of an office or under the cover of propriety. He is ashamed of his craft, and, far from glorying in his career, is the first to hold up pious hand of horror and disgust at what no man could confess without inspiring a universal contempt. It was otherwise with the great highwaymen and pickpockets whose memory is enshrined in our literature and whose exploits are still the admiration of the adventurous. To what depths has an age descended when even its crimes are unworthy of recall!

We are delighted to see that the *Times* has taken prompt action with regard to the domestic-servant agency frauds which we pointed out. In its issue of Tuesday last a prominent notice was published containing a warning that steps were being taken to prevent the insertion of these advertisements and to institute proceedings against such offenders as came under their notice. We have furnished the Manager of the *Times* with several addresses. We observe, however, that these particular people are still advertising in the *Morning Post*. Paragons of industry and sobriety who desire situations with plenty of hard work and low wages must, we fear, still be bringing in a lucrative rush of registration fees to the bogus "agencies."

There has been much controversy over a film known as 'Cocaine.' It appears that its performance was prohibited by the London County Council, but allowed in Manchester. With the merits of the film we are not concerned. Some say that it has had a beneficial effect; others that it has been deleterious in its influence. What we would like to remedy, however, is this system of fetters. It is dictated by the theory that individuals are not responsible for their own acts and its consequences may be very far-reaching. If you remove entirely the notion that men and women are responsible for their

own acts you reach a state of society in which there can be no limit to the checks and controls imposed upon them. Is it not about time we realized that when crimes are committed there may be something wrong with the individual? If one seeks perpetually to remove what are conceived to be the causes of his evil inspiration, not only cinemas and drink, but the theatre, the printing-press and even carving knives will have to be taboo.

In Sir Walter Raleigh's death last Saturday, Oxford suffers the heaviest of the losses which have recently fallen upon her with such exceptional severity. Since 1904 he had been Merton Professor of English Literature, having previously established his position in the world of letters in corresponding professorships at Liverpool (1890-1900) and Glasgow (1900-1904). His books on the English Novel, on Style, on Milton, on Wordsworth, and on Shakespeare, are masterpieces of acute criticism and the purest literary taste. But the man himself was even more than the writer. Unconventional, and wholly delightful, his lanky person and cheery individuality made him notable in any company. He was utterly devoid of "frills," and his death makes his friends regret that they never jotted down many of the original, witty sayings that bubbled from his lips in casual conversation. Always alert for new adventures, in life as in letters, he had thrown himself with gusto into the task of writing the official history of the Air Force during the war, and his death after an operation was due to his contracting typhoid during his luckless visit to Mesopotamia in March for the purpose of flying himself over those Eastern battlefields. A risky jaunt, one would say, for a man who had always been overgrown physically and was surely too frail, at 61, for such a quest. But it was typical of Raleigh. *Per Ardua ad Astra*.

HOW TO SETTLE EUROPE

ANGLO-FRENCH relations have been improved rather than damnified by the Premier's anti-French behaviour. Affection has surged spontaneously from our hearts, and the people, who were called upon to curse, blessed their neighbours instead. All is serene again and the respite between Conference and Conference will allow the overheated passions of the Press to cool and the orators to recover their equilibrium. History—it is unfortunate—is only that moiety of events which the historians record. We hope that they will not be unduly impressed by these Conferences, or the schoolboy will have to learn these places and their dates as slavishly as he is made to repeat the reigning periods of Kings and Queens. It may be conjectured that something has happened at each of them. What? Let us be patient; let us rest awhile. Some third-rate clerk or vulgar stenographer will doubtless treat us to his secret revelations. Nor will the ethnologist and the meteorologist alike fail to record the influence of climate on the choice of venue. Paris in the autumn; Cannes in the winter; Genoa in the spring, and—what is it to be?—the Scandinavian Fjords in the hot months. It is all very magnificent, but it is not peace.

What is amusing is that all these confabulations are held to find a formula by way of substitution for the Great Treaty. We go to Genoa to get out of Versailles, to the Hague to escape from Genoa, and so on *ad infinitum*. The cat chasing its tail! The phenomenon among the superstitious is believed to be a sign that the skies are overclouding. But to pass from these celestial to more terrestrial considerations, is it not time to define a forth-right policy? The smoky insinuations, the palsied prevarications and the gyromantic visions of the Prime Minister may precipitate crises, may provoke controversies, may strike panic into the superstitious, but they are far from the

definition of a policy. During the conferential recess the gallophobe and gallophile furies may abate. But they can only be finally appeased when the British attitude is made clear. We have previously analysed the situation. It resolves itself ultimately into reparations and debts. The Prime Minister now sees some virtue in the rest of Europe confronting Russia with a single front. We see no such virtue. If A owes B and C money, and B wishes to forego, why must C? There must be individual action in these matters. The position, it is true, might be changed if A offered some compromise or if B and C were prepared to accept one. That, however, is not the case. France does not wish to accept a compromise, nor does Belgium.

Let them alone. If England wishes to accept a compromise or to abandon her claim, let her do so. Personally, we can see no justification for the Prime Minister abandoning the claims of the citizens of this country against the Russian Government. By what right does he go to these conferences and make bargains on behalf of people who have no desire to be represented by him? If Smith during his undergraduate days lends money to Robinson and Robinson finds himself unable to liquidate the debt, does Smith send a representative to Robinson to say: "Speaking on behalf of Smith, I formally release you from your debt"? Is it not more probable that Smith would himself say to Robinson: "Well, I see that you haven't got a stiver. We will continue our relations together or not, as we please; but when you find yourself in more fortunate circumstances I shall expect you to pay me"? In such a case, of course, Smith could put Robinson into bankruptcy and a receiver would be appointed and pay the various creditors in proportion. But this cannot be done with Russia. We cannot put receivers into Russia. We must adopt, *faute de mieux*, the more reasonable attitude of Smith in the first case.

There is no particular magic in a formal release. Either Russia can pay or she cannot. Leave it at that. Either she will pay in the future or she will not. Leave it at that. To put the matter more succinctly; take a common case. The Blasted Cement Co. has property in Russia. Mr. Lloyd George goes to his Conference and says to Chicherin: "I admit the right of the Russian Government to confiscate the freehold of the Blasted Cement Co." Score: One up to Chicherin; Chicherin's move. "Very good," says Chicherin; we've got the Blasted Cement Co.'s land, but the property is no use to us unless you give us the money to run it." "Yes, I see that quite clearly," replies Mr. Lloyd George. "I'll let you have a loan." He comes home and arranges to raise the money. Amongst all the other taxpayers, the Blasted Cement Co. finds itself called upon to pay its quota. Chicherin is now two up and has won the game. The Blasted Cement Co. has lost its property and has had the pleasure of subscribing money in addition in order that the government that has stolen its property may keep on its feet. What rubbish it all is! Yet this is exactly what would have happened if Genoa had been a "success." And this is exactly what will happen if the Hague is not also a "failure." Let us pray that it may be!

Passing from the debts to reparations, let us state the facts bluntly. We entered into an agreement at Versailles to exact a certain sum for reparations, just as the Germans on a previous occasion entered into an agreement to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Were we cynical when we reproached them for treating their obligation as a "scrap of paper"? And do we now intend to do likewise simply because it does not suit us to keep our bond? If we are to obtain a release from our plighted word, let us obtain it honestly, for the good name of England. It would seem to be admitted that the Treaty in so far as it exacts these reparations at so high a figure, holds up our trade. But what material consideration can justify the casting of our honour aside? There is a way out, and a

straight way out. Strangely the Government has never thought of it. Let us abandon the whole of our reparations claim, the whole of the claims of the British Empire, if we will, without conditions and without reserve. And let us at the same time see to it that we keep faith with France by assuring her that we will support her in the exaction of her share. This would at once reduce the figures to liquidable proportions. France would obtain her quota the sooner and the main impediments to a free resumption of normal European relations would be the sooner removed. France could not possibly complain; indeed she would have cause for rejoicing. And if it be true that we are being so deeply hurt by asking Germany to pay, why can we not follow so obvious and so honest a method of relieving ourselves? Now it is the case that Sir Robert Horne once made the suggestion that we should recompense France, if she would forego reparations, by annulling her debt to this country. That, however, is not the proposal that we in this leading article make. We confine ourselves to saying simply this: That provided it be established that our trade is impeded by our demands on Germany then let us forsake our claims without attaching any stipulations, precedent or subsequent, to the offer. One is tempted to believe that so simple and straightforward an action does not commend itself to the Prime Minister because it would do away with the *raison d'être* of all these conferences. Moreover, it would deprive him of what he hopes to make one of his best electioneering cries.

Here then are two essentially simple suggestions for the consideration of our great spokesman. If he must deal with Russia, let him deal with her separately—provided he can deal with her at all and retain the confidence of the country. Let him clearly understand that he is dealing not as the old diplomats dealt when they made adjustments and arrangements, intrigues and alliances on behalf of their countries in view of some future contingency, but that he is dealing with the money of individual citizens and of taxpayers. It has been a primary principle of constitutional practice that the Commons should vote supply. Our procedure, unfortunately, has not kept pace with the new diplomacy. Mr. Lloyd George, however, must allow himself to be inspired by the spirit and traditions of the English people. They have been committed to monetary outlays and military obligations without their consent. This has been particularly the case in regard to the mandates and such committals are implicit in the making of any of these conferences a "success." They have tolerated the innovation so far primarily because it has not yet assumed serious dimensions, and secondly because with a characteristic generosity they have made allowance for the peculiar, and what they have hoped were only temporary, conditions attributable to the war. They will not, however, continue in this frame of mind. They have been patient; they have remained to see what it was that was afoot. The Commons, who are their representatives, must, in future, be consulted before the public purse is pledged. There are many people in this country—and this is a further consideration—who have suffered the loss of all their worldly wealth in the morass of Bolshevism. Let the Prime Minister refrain from sacrificing them on his altar, for the incense will not go straight to Heaven and his very altar in a fury may be smashed. Lastly, in his reparations policy, when it comes to be discussed again, let him remember that there is a straight course. We have outlined it.

With the removal of these two great obstacles that block the resumption of our normal relationships, England may once again be freed and emancipated from all the petty strife and squabble of the continent. The nations of Europe will be left to pursue their way and we can pursue ours. Our way is not their way. We have imperial interests and duties which have been too long forgotten. To the Empire we must return before it is too late.

THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR NIGHT CLUBS

BEFORE we are enlisted and swept along in the onrush of this great army which is assaulting the night-clubs, the restaurants where they dance and those places where on privileged occasions men and women are allowed to drink wine and relax themselves beyond the stereotyped hours, let us pause to consider the implications. The average Englishman and the normal Englishwoman are as well balanced and self-reliant and responsible as Frenchmen, Germans, Lithuanians or Magyars. Yet they are more controlled, their lives are less free. The things which they may do are more restricted. Is it possible that the very vices and resorts of vice to which so much attention has been recently attracted, are not the very counterpart of restraint? It is the general opinion of philosophers that human nature is perpetually in search of the mean, that it seeks to strike a balance between the evil and the good, between self-denial and excess. If then pressure is exerted on one side there is a corresponding inflation on the other. It seems indeed that our authorities and those who influence them in their constant persecution of what they deem unseemly practices have but succeeded, not in extirpating them, but in driving them down, each time into more ugly forms and shapes. Like the policeman, they do but move them on from one place to another. They move them from the crowded thoroughfare into the back street. Now that their inability to cure the ills which human flesh is heir to has been demonstrated, is it not time to consider whether the whole policy is wrong? In other spheres we have learned that granting of responsibility has better results than constant invigilation. Even the headmasters of public schools have practised this method. They have found that by devolving their authority on the pupils themselves—the Prefect system—they have succeeded in maintaining a better discipline in their institutions than if they had relied on the only conceivable alternative, on constant espionage and ubiquitous control. The latest developments in education confirm the wisdom of the theory. The Montessori system has carried the experiment farther, and even amongst the youngest of children, with fairly successful results. The great movement towards self-government among the nations of the world is but the same picture in a more glaring light. The constitutions given progressively to all our colonies, and lastly to Egypt, merely sanctify the principle that men and communities attain a more satisfactory status of development when they are emancipated from the domination and authority of others and are left to rely upon themselves. The evolution of democracy, whether in politics or in industry, points the same moral. But the English people who have given this great experience to the world for some strange reason deny its validity in the regulation of their own lives. Alone among the "free" peoples of the world the Englishman submits to a repression which is quite inexplicable. It is not in accordance with his history or traditions. For five centuries the citizens of this land have not been submitted to so meticulous a regulation. They are unable to buy sweetmeats after a certain hour, they are only permitted to drink teetotal beverages, such as tea and coffee, or curious concoctions known as aerated waters, during certain periods of the day or night. At certain other periods in the twenty-four hours they are let loose to consume liquid which contains alcohol as if they were horses being taken at regular intervals to a trough. They may not purchase tobacco after the curfew has sounded. The chemists' shops remain open, but on certain days they are forbidden to sell toothbrushes. Men may not wander forth with safety in the public parks unless their eyes are fixed steadfastly upon the void. Children are brought up to the belief that the public-house is a place of sin and degradation, for they may only remain outside to wonder what uncanny mysteries are conducted within.

Publicans themselves are discouraged from improving the interior of their premises because they are compelled by legislation to do all their business in a short time, to dispose of one customer after another with the greatest rapidity in order that they can make their earnings quickly within the allotted hours. Besides, what publican would in the conditions which are imposed upon him seek to improve his house when the law treats it as a place unfit for little children and almost outside the pale of civilization? Grown persons after their day's work is ended are hounded off to bed at midnight and expelled summarily from every public place.

In considering this great pogrom of the night-clubs let us bear these things in mind. They form a relevant context. Bounded on all sides by red tape, is it surprising that some of the more emotional members of the community have sought some sort of release? They could hardly seek it in desirable channels. In the realm of public pleasure in England the adventurous have only the undesirable left open to them. Let us admit quite frankly that these night-clubs are for the most part unhealthy resorts. They are subterranean. They are watched by the police. Their very existence can hardly be continued without constant breaches of the law. To remain open they must have recourse to strange expedients and cunning devices. Yet the particular pastime which they seek to provide is not of itself harmful. Dancing is a form of exercise and relaxation which is a great relief after the cares of work. It should be encouraged. But it should be encouraged in a healthy way. If it is the policy of the authorities who have a say in these matters to block up every normal outlet which the citizen would, in normal circumstances, have open to him, shall we wonder if, when he stretches out his arms for a healthy atmosphere after his day's toil, he should be greeted only by a whiff of fetid air?

Surely it is time to try some new remedy. In the past twenty years we have watched vice hounded from one place to another, but never suppressed. Why not approach the evil in the spirit of the latest science? Why not treat it as we now treat other illness? If Englishmen were free to take their relaxation as and how they pleased, the fresh air of public opinion would be sufficient to cure the germs of the disease. It would certainly do more for the patients than the exploded quack treatment of persecution. Instead of forcing the pleasures of the people down back streets and underground, let us have them out into the open where they can be subject to fresh, healthy and revivifying influences.

LEAVE TO FISH

WHY are so many owners of trout-streams such egregious dogs-in-the-manger? One may discuss this too prevalent failing frankly and without prejudice in these columns, for probably most of us when we go a-fishing are independent of the rebuffs of strangers, the half-grudging concessions of what these misguided people really believe to be a serious favour. Let me further hasten to explain that these reflections are not concerned with any of those waters, such as chalk streams and many others that have commercial value, but exclusively with the rapid streams of the west-country, Wales and the northern counties, where the trout are small or comparatively so, hardy and prolific. Across the Tweed common-sense generally prevails, under conditions which are an abiding refutation of the superstitions prevalent to the south of it. Special circumstances, here irrelevant, have given me a rather intimate acquaintance with the fifteen or so counties which surpass the rest in physical distinction and quite immeasurably in their trout-holding area of river, lake and tarn. I am more or less acquainted with nearly all these waters and have a

pretty general grasp of their fishing capacities and roughly of how the rights of fishing are distributed, i.e., free fishing—associations and private water. This personal statement seems imperative in view of the sequel.

But before passing to it, I should like to cheer the heart of the angler groping vaguely after a fishing holiday within easy reach, where moderate sport may be looked for and inspiring scenery counted on, by discounting the pessimism so common in the south, by stating as a fact that there is far more available than the Southerner, who rarely knows much of his own country, imagines. But it is the dog-in-the-manger private owner, reserving, and quite justly so, perhaps a third of all these waters that I am after; a futile endeavour beyond a doubt, if I were not quite certain that this misguided and wasteful attitude is largely due to ignorance. It may seem strange to townsmen, but quite three-fourths of those who happen to own such fisheries, do not fish, and know nothing about the natural life of trout—just as the majority of English squires know next to nothing of practical farming. When these misguided and often kindly souls, occasionally, of course, ladies, give a day's permit on a wild stream, they seem really to believe they are giving away something like a day's partridge or pheasant shooting! They do not understand that allowing two or three miles of a bright stream, full of three or four-to-the-pound trout to run away to seed, is an abuse of the gifts accident has bestowed upon them and of a power to give infinite pleasure, at no personal sacrifice, to a great many persons less fortunate than themselves. They do not even know that such waters require fishing for their own good! They appear to think that a basket of trout is a permanent levy on the capital stock of a stream, instead of a minute fraction of its annual income, or increase, which is otherwise got rid of in waste, nobody quite knows how, save when it obviously overstocks the water with small fish, as sometimes happens. What matters most, their humbler neighbours, who are often keen fishermen in these counties, are rarely considered at all—the schoolmaster, the village shop-keeper, the postman. What a boon to such would be a reasonable concession (of nothing at all!) on their half-holidays. Neighbours a little higher in the social scale may get one day, but very often do not ask it for fear of being snubbed. Yet if three rods (fly) went over as many miles every fishable day in the season they would not make a particle of difference. Six would educate the fish a bit but nothing more.

A wounded Scottish officer was convalescing in the war at a western town. He applied to three different owners of such waters for leave and was refused by all as "not usual." The *Times* printed a justifiably indignant letter from this victim of incredibly heartless selfishness. Another officer, under precisely similar conditions, and known to me, was anxious to fish a remote, little-frequented tarn in the wilds of the Welsh mountains and crammed with smallish trout with which he had been of old familiar. Hearing that it had been rented, doubtless for a trifling sum, by a solicitor in a seacoast town and posted as "preserved," he wrote politely for permission. In reply he was granted one day on condition that he never again asked for another or allowed any of his friends to do so! The officer's response must have surprised this egregious attorney! The quite frequent notice-boarding against fair fishermen, of remote tarns in the wilds of Wales and the English lakes, where grouse disturbance is not in question, is perhaps the crowning absurdity of all this ignorant or arrogant nonsense. The owners themselves sometimes never even see such waters; yet can they really imagine that the few decent enthusiasts with fly rod, who will face an occasional long tramp over the hills, would affect the abundant supply of the hardy, indigenous, tricky-rising natives of a fifty-acre lake, fished from the bank, on those limited days of the too short season when conditions are favourable? The humour, such as it is, of

the situation lies in the fact that these remote waters are absolutely at the mercy of the night-poacher with net, or otter or worse. For the gamekeeper has yet to be born who will spend speculative nights in the wilds in the interest of small trout, for possible raids that leave no trace and for poachers who would laugh at, or perhaps mishandle him. Why should he? Yet here among the clouds are those absurd notice boards: *Fishing strictly prohibited*: abiding monuments of selfishness and imbecility.

"RINGWOOD"

A NEW PALESTRINA

By E. A. BAUGHAN

LONDONERS do not know much about choral singing. Our own choirs give quite competent performances of the masterpieces of choral art, but, compared with the choirs of the North or of Birmingham and Bristol, our singers are not expert. Choral singing is only a side show in our musical life in London. How else account for the excessive and immediate enthusiasm aroused by Maestro Casimiri's choristers from the Roman Basilicas at the Albert Hall last Saturday? To the ordinary Londoner such singing was a revelation. Even the sudden dynamic contrasts, that cardinal sin of all expert choral singing, were considered a shining virtue. Yet those of us who know what our own singers can do were naturally a little disappointed in this "Vatican Choir," as the singers are called for the sake of a brief head-line. It is not, of course, a permanent choir, but is drawn from the singers of the Lateran, the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel and Saint Mary the Major, with some professional assistance. Maestro Casimiri himself is not only a choirmaster of great reputation, but also a learned musician and one of the chief living authorities on the music of Palestrina. To English ears the tone and balance of the choir are not satisfactory. The basses are splendid, but the boy *soprani* are allowed to use their chest and head notes in an open and indiscriminate way which would not be tolerated by our own choirmasters, and the tenors have that curious "white," hard tone, which is so characteristic of the average third-rate Italian operatic tenor.

I must confess to having experienced a shock when the choir began its concert by singing a series of 'Vivas,' the purport of which the audience did not understand. Thinking that the hardness of tone of the sopranos and tenors was due to the position of my seat, I changed it for one farther back in the hall at the interval. To some extent that reduced the ill-effect, but, on the other hand, the richness of the basses then quite overpowered the rest of the choir. It certainly is not well balanced. But as the ear became accustomed to the tone of the choir, there seemed a kind of merit in its defects. One does not, after all, quarrel with Chianti because it has a certain roughness. One does not expect it to have the mellowness of a French wine. We had expected, quite unreasonably, a soft Burgundy; hence the shock. We had expected, too, that the Motets of Palestrina and the other polyphonists represented in the programme would be sung in an ecclesiastical manner. That is the manner in which we sing the Motets of Byrd and Tallis, and when our choral societies at their festivals have performed a Mass of Palestrina's, it was sung in our cathedral style. These Italians will have none of that restraint. They sing Palestrina with the same emotionalism with which the Italian chorus at Covent Garden in the old days sang the choruses in 'Cavalleria Rusticana' or 'Aida.' Their rhythmic energy is immense. I wondered what an English choir would make of the musical illustration of the leaps and bounds of the lions and leopards in 'Tota Pulchra,' a setting of the Canticle of Canticles, "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee." At the words "from the dens of the

lions, from the mountains of the leopards," the choir proved, what I confess was new to me, that Palestrina was a great tone-painter. One is apt to think of the polyphonic school as a school of decorative musical art, which only aimed at creating music to fit into the ornate scheme of Roman ritual. A little consideration of the history of music preceding Palestrina, with its strong secular basis, would have made one understand the aims of that great school of music. But, to tell the truth, an English musician or critic who has not heard Palestrina sung in his native country is apt to have insular prejudices. We know the difficulties of singing this complex polyphony without the aid of an accompaniment, and we are satisfied if the parts be firmly held and the pitch reasonably maintained. The strength of these Italian singers and the supreme accomplishment of their conductor, who plays on then: with his hands as if the choir were a big instrument, lie in their power of being able to sing with dramatic expression and yet to overcome all the technical difficulties of the music. The light gracefulness of certain passages in Palestrina's 'Adjuvo Vos' was a revelation. We may have choirs who sing more beautifully than these Italians, but I should not like to be the choirmaster who would attempt to get that effect from his singers. Nor have I ever heard such subtle gradations of tone as expressed the contemplation of the glory of Saint Martin in 'O Quantus Luctus.' Perhaps the most impressive singing was heard in the 'Tenebrae' of Tommaso Ludovico da Vittoria. This is a veritable choral tone-poem of the Crucifixion—gloomy, sombre and dramatic. No modern musician, with all his resources of orchestra and modern harmony, could excel the picturesque and emotional qualities of this Renaissance composition. "And bowing down his head, he gave up the ghost," was sung with thrilling impressiveness. This work is laid out for men's voices alone, and it was noticeable that it was the only composition in which there was a perfect balance of tone. It proves, I think, that some of the harshness of the choir is due to the quality of the tenors and sopranos being too much alike, so that when both are employed the balance of the choir is upset.

The concert was stimulating in giving one a new idea of Palestrina and the polyphonic school in general. Theorists are so concerned with the technical side of this old music that they write as if Palestrina entirely concentrated his genius on the manipulation of counterpoint. His extraordinary skill in this respect has overshadowed what may be called the dramatic or descriptive side of his music. Since the style of singing of these Italian choirs has an almost unbroken tradition, we may assume, without rashness, that the dramatic element in Palestrina's music was considered in his day to be of paramount importance. It certainly exists, and when we consider the genius of Italian music, it is only natural that Palestrina should have intended his music to be dramatic. The 'Tota Pulchra,' the 'Qualis est dilectus' in 'Adjuvo Vos,' and the 'O Quantus Luctus,' are vivid examples of that intention. The Italian conductor and his singers brought this out very clearly. Sometimes they appeared to over-emphasize expression, but that probably was merely due to the virtuoso tendency of all choral singing. You may hear the same fault in our fine north country choirs. Is it far-fetched to presume that Palestrina had accomplished all that was possible in this direction until harmony had been developed from its accidental presence in counterpoint and until the word in music was given its full value as an inspiration? The polyphonists were using voices as modern men use orchestral instruments. Only occasionally can you hear the words in Palestrina's compositions, but always their sense dictated the style of his music. He brought his art to a perfection beyond which it could not go, and thus naturally prepared the way for Monteverde, Peri, and their school, until in due course Palestrina's polyphony, in its turn, became the basis of modern composition.

FROM INGRES TO CEZANNE

BY D. S. MACCOLL

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has brought together in a pleasant party—small and unsystematic—so many of the leading and lesser painters of the French nineteenth century as were within call. Some of the greater men are not in force or in vein, or are absent; but that gives an opening for Monticelli (27), Boudin (2), Charlet, if Charlet it be (39), and the unknown painter of No. 18, who has Manet's discrimination of rosy and colder whites, but another hand. There are surprises in such a gathering. Take Couture. He is remembered as something of a bore, a celebrated teacher, a man who made a great worldly success with his 'Romans,' and then fell into a discouraged oblivion over three imperial commissions, never completed. Something in the direction of his talent went wrong; but here, in two very unlike examples, are small works that look like pledges of mastery. The dark study for a portrait of Michelet some of us knew: the nude, in sunny tones, is unexpected, but fitting enough from the studio in which Manet went to school. The new and surer place that remains for Corot after the hey-day of his dealer success is just indicated by the tiny early Roman view and the figure-piece. One of the finest things in the "Cent Ans" the other day was a figure on life-scale, whose rich quiet greys carried one back to the great Lenain now in the Louvre, with Chardin in between.

But what will most attract attention to the exhibition is the presence of six Cézannes. Most of the painters here were centres of propaganda and denigration in their time: that heat of conflict was a peculiarity of the century, because of the number and mundane preponderance of bad artists. We have dropped the irrelevant parts of the fight now, but also, perhaps, the relevant. Cézanne is still a gage of battle, with all manner of fallacious logic obscuring the question of what he had to give. Can we, in face of these pictures, get it cleared away? About one of them, Miss Davies's landscape, No. 40, I have a preliminary admission to make, and make it with pleasure. I had rated it too low among Cézannes, partly from seeing it in a dull light, perhaps also from too flattering a memory of other examples. It would take quite a good place in the mixed collection of the Camondo bequest in the Louvre. What then are its qualities? We may define them as almost exactly complementary to those of Ingres. In the figure of the Odalisque we have intense and complete drawing and modelling and also a complete sinuous design, so far as that figure goes. But Ingres, unlike his neighbour here, Gauguin, was incapable of relating one colour pleasantly to another. His 'Madame Rivière' has an accidental enamel quality of blue and ivory; but in this picture there is a chaos of subdued yet shewish tints. The general design of forms is no better: his limit was in the delicate flattened ellipses of a woman's shape. In general design of forms Cézanne also is inconsiderable; the landscape is one of piecemeal shapes. Nor has it the mysterious three-dimensional qualities that propaganda has claimed for him: on the contrary, it is rather flat. But it has beauty of colour-relations and of paint: he has distilled that pleasure from a scene and there is a unity of colours. He plays the blue of a house-roof through modulations in the mountain, sky, and shadows against the red of another roof, the warm, bare ground and the vivid green of trees, and he strikes these notes surely and largely. The still-lives have not the same limited but positive success. They amount to little more than a statement of the desirableness of simplified colour-spaces and of solid forms: colour-magic is not attained, and we are aware of toppling apples, wobbling tables and dishes. Where Cézanne parted company with his brother-Impressionists is nicely illustrated by the Seurat. Here is a landscape built up of small broken

touches; and if that foreground was to be painted at all it must be in that manner; but at a little distance the light goes out of the elaboration. And here let me once more call attention to the nonsense that has been talked about the colour of the Impressionists, just as nonsense is now talked about the forms of Cézanne. Monet never painted in dots of primary colours: it is credibly reported in the books that Seurat and Signac did. There are no such dots in this picture: to paint the lighted and the shadowed side of a tuft of grass with the due allowance for the complementary colour in shadow is not pointillisme. At the "Cent Ans" exhibition there was a Seurat painted in dots; but the dots were not of primary tints; they were grey, and I have never yet seen a picture that accorded with the theory of optical mixture. In Signac, as we see him now, the theoretical dots have become bricks that could not possibly mix in the eye to make a secondary or tertiary colour.

Ingres, then, I call a draughtsman rather than a painter; Cézanne I call a painter, but a marginal one, who gets occasional value from an instinct for colour-spaces. For something central between these two we must turn to Manet. He has all Cézanne's gift for delicate yet determined colour relation in a broad light key; but he has much more; construction alike of the forms that were the motive of his picture, whether of an apple or of a face, and of the picture itself. In the great nineteenth-century gallery of the Louvre we pay our homage to the drawing of the Odalisque and to a figure here and there in the huge new Delacroix and Courbet; but for a conclusive picture, an invention of colour and design in which a nude plays its part, and that carries across the immense space, we come back to the 'Olympia' and the girl's head (No. 42) in Savile Row has in its simpler and smaller scope the same perfection. Pictures are the final critics of pictures, and this would hold its own anywhere.

Renoir is another of the marginals who have been praised for the wrong qualities. A china-painter to begin with, he paints as if he were smearing on a slippery surface, and the messiness of the proceeding overbears what he had to say in his landscape: but in the young girl, although her eyes are in the middle of the room, her body away in the offing, and her hair nowhere, something has been captured of the flower-like charm he saw in women, as something is captured in the luscious substance and colour of his melon (No. 43). His taste was for the sweets of vision.

Degas, later in the century, revived the intense drawing of Ingres, but carried it into other regions, where there was strange and beautiful colour as well as form. His general attitude of opposition and disdain might have carried him, like Daumier, into definite satire, but he reserved that for his conversation. In his painting it was an element of wager; out of the chaotic ugliness of modern life to win a pictorial beauty of the unexpected. His early portrait group in the Luxembourg is normal and a little dull. He cast an eye along the avenue of Prix de Rome conceptions, and turned away. "Ah! Giotto," he wrote in an Italian sketch-book, "Laisse-moi voir Paris, et toi, Paris, laisse-moi voir Giotto!" Some oddity of approach, even in perspective,* was necessary to sting his interest. Not for him the Odalisque and the Turkish Bath; rather the nude caught out at her tub in some uncanonical pose but fascinating rhythm: not the classic athlete, but the preposterous doll of the ballet. With this stimulus he saw novel pictures and series of pictures everywhere. For example:

Sur la boulangerie, le pain, série sur les mitrons, vus dans la cave même ou à travers les soupiraux de la rue. Des couleurs de farine rose, belles courbes de pâte; nature mortes

* Thus he writes: "On n'a jamais fait encore les monuments ou les maisons d'en bas, en dessous, de près, comme on les voit en passant dans les rues," and "établir des gradins tout autour de la salle pour habituer à dessiner de bas et de haut les choses." An example of this practice is the portrait No. 38.

sur les différents pains, gros, ovales, flûtes, ronds, etc. . . .
essais en couleur sur les jaunes, roses, gris blancs des pains.
Perspective des rangées de pains; distribution ravissante des
boulangeries.

Or Smoke: of pipes, cigarettes, cigars; of locomotives and factories, steam-boats; "the crushing of smoke under the bridges." Or objects of use, placed and accompanied as in life, "corsets just taken off, for example, keeping still the shape of the body." Such was the genesis of his pictures, a surprise of some intimate rhythm—the way a violin presses against the player's neck, or the action of his hand upon it. But the research surprised other things. Involved in the pattern, life itself is caught. The sharp savour that the searcher for sentiment would miss, Degas, in pursuit of the form, attains; at a rehearsal the fatigued figure of a mother slipping a shawl over the thin shoulders of a dancer: the sharp look from underneath of one of the women at the other in the sketch, No. 35.

THE GENIUS OF BARRIE

By JAMES AGATE

ONCE there was a mother star who gathered little baby stars round her knee to tell them a fairy-story, and during the telling the genius of Barrie was born. For genius it is, despite a passion for literary baby-ribbons only too easily parodied. You could never mistake 'Dear Brutus,' now being revived at Wyndham's Theatre, for the accretion of a talent, however industrious. The rarer attribute is written all over it, not very large, perhaps, but in the authentic handwriting. The essence of genius is its power to achieve without pains. That *tour de force* of Jupiter's, the birth of Minerva, was the trick, unrehearsed and inimitable. None but the old gentleman would have thought of it. It is surely the hallmark of genius that its fruits, but for their creator, had never been thought of. Talent plods, and its outcome will be stumbled upon sooner or later, if not by the first explorer then by another. A later than Newton would have questioned the falling apple, a second Stephenson drawn deductions from his kettle. Einstein merely anticipated by a week or a century the inevitable discovery that nothing's white or black but relativity makes it so. Something of the sort had just occurred to me. In the world of talent it is "dogged as does it." In the world of genius it is dogged as doesn't.

To come to our little organism called the theatre. Can it be doubted that if Sir Arthur Pinero or Mr. John Drinkwater had turned their great talents away from the stage, we should still have had a 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray' or 'Abraham Lincoln'? Their epochs reeked with these plays. Non-existent, their temper was in the air. If St. Paul had lived in the nineties he would have pursued the lady with whips, scorpions, and perhaps an even fuller understanding; regenerate, he would have mouthed those melancholy confidences, enlivening them, it may be, with a dash of the original Saul. But he would never, we must think, have hit upon Peter Pan, or the boy who "bit his warts and politely swallowed the blood." Not even a greater genius can re-capture the lost spirit of a lesser. Hartmann defines this quality as "the spontaneous manifestation of the untrammelled soul," but then he was a German. To the non-Teutonic mind it is obvious that genius must take some pains; it were inspired lunacy else. So Beethoven tinkers incessantly at his themes, with the result that after twenty years he has whittled his chromatic glory down to the diatonic monotony apt for the plastering of Schiller's 'Ode to Joy.' Contrariwise we find Dickens hammering a grotesque name on the anvil till he has forged the apparently inspired "Chuzzlewit." Like these, Barrie is no wander-wit, but a master-contriver. His soul, as Herbert says, may be divinely loose about him, but he makes fast with the shrewdest nails such bits of it as he uses. Yet

it is only the form of the conceit which he fashions into shape; the raw material of felicity springs from his brain flushed with ultimate delight.

A reviewer of the early 'Little Minister' wrote, "The reader is held spell-bound, not by any cunningly devised artifices, but by the sympathy which is evoked in his breast." That which held the reviewer spell-bound was, of course, the sympathy overflowing in the writer's breast. Sir James himself has said a good deal on this matter of sympathy. The Dominie asks Sentimental Tommy how he managed to write the passage about the willow hanging over the grave. "I thought I was Betsy at the time," answered Tommy. "She told me nothing about the willow," countered Mr. Cathro. "You hadna speired if there was one," the boy retorted. There you have both the natural gift, and the painstaking's looking before and after. "Oh, you jewel!" cried Mr. Ogilvy, when Tommy lost the essay prize through excessive deliberation over the just word. "He had to think of it till he got it. The laddie is a genius!" Which looks as though Sir James held, as they say, with Ecclefechan. The word was at the back of Tommy's mind all the time; the infinity of pains was used to bring it to the surface. The peculiar genius of Barrie, as playwright, consists in his knack of bringing from the back of his mind the simple things which lie behind the mind of the spectator. They are the things which, but for the twist of kindly laughter, would be unbearable. For the same reason Barrie prefers sentimentality to sentiment, because it hurts less. Fortitude, irony even, are plants too prickly for his tender world. To keep young is the great adventure; old age and death are but dream-disasters. "To be very gay is so near to being very sad," is as near to actuality as Sir James will venture. I know of no other writer who has burked life so exquisitely.

It is a mistake to regard genius as entirely magno-perative. It has its small change. 'Dear Brutus' resembles nothing so much as a miser's hoard of newly-minted threepenny-bits. Or say that it is a collection of entire and perfect sugar-plums. Success has over-sweetened this writer, sicklied his philosophy with the pink cast of sugar-icing, choked up his manliness with the clotted cream of nursery kindness. What would we not give for a compunctious visiting of reality, a kindly touch of gall? Yet this is an age of ugliness and we may suppose the pretty-pretty, when the heart's sound, to serve a useful purpose. I had never seen this play, and expected, from remembered accounts of it, to be as intolerably moved as I was by 'Mary Rose.' To be quite honest, I did not find my sensibility greatly touched. This failure was no fault of the playing, which could not have been better. Miss Faith Celli, who had a hundred opportunities to be irritating or purposefully charming, which is the same thing, avoided them all. She managed that very delicate business of wistfulness admirably, and at the same time made you feel that she was capable of playing a useful game of hockey for her school. She was brilliantly helped by Sir Gerald du Maurier, who played the sentimental father with extraordinary tact. Let those who say this delicate actor does not act, note how nice is the quantity of emotion conveyed when the father wakes to the loss of his dream-child. Note, too, the subtlety of his earlier degradation, and the moral well-being of the painter in the wood. You would swear the good fellow subscribes to *Punch* and that the picture on the easel is not altogether bad. Throughout the long duet father and daughter maintained the atmosphere of a dream. Unreality floated about them like wisps of summer cloud. And yet . . . and yet I was not fully absorbed. The material was just not good enough. Visions of a Mr. Tucker who, on the music-halls, sings to the accompaniment of a fiddle played by himself a song entitled, 'The Land of Beginning Again,' would come between me and the players. I remembered that the momentum achieved by Mr. Tucker was just as

* See an article by P. A. Lemoine in *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for April, 1922.

great as theirs. Again, when the little lady crucified herself against the tree, I could not help murmuring, "Look on my face; my name is Might-have-been," and wondering where the line comes from. And who was it, in 'Alice,' who fell into the treacle-well? Whereas, at 'Mary Rose,' the emotional tension precluded irrelevant pre-occupation. In that play Sir James wore his heart just as patently, but it seemed more effectively; and the critical daws averted their eyes. The other night I found the daw which is in all of us the least bit inclined to be peckish. Again it cannot have been the fault of the actors. Mr. Norman Forbes who, "when suited," as they say in registry offices, so handsomely repays his author, was at his very best, whilst Mr. Alfred Drayton's Matey was both masterful and masterly. I think it is Trollope who apologizes for laying the scene of a novel in Ireland. Sir James and Mr. Ronald Squire made sure between them that there should be nothing Scotch about 'Dear Brutus.' The actor's Mr. Purdie was labelled "England 1912 or thereabouts," as legibly as though it had been emblazoned on his shirt-front. Here again was a character with limitless potentialities of annoyance. Mr. Squire overcame them all and abounded in the airs of the well-bred scape-grace. The beauty of Miss Madeleine Seymour had the effect of a great splash of colour and the tenderness of Miss Mabel Terry Lewis gathered about her scenes like some veil of exquisite *vieux rose*. One little observation. I wonder whether Lady Caroline could be induced not to pronounce "immediately" as though it were written "im-mee-jatly"?

Sir Gerald du Maurier recently put on a very foolish play. With 'Dear Brutus' he has made handsome amends, though the play be not the very finest flower of its author's shy and exquisite mind.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

By A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

XII. HEDGEROW LIFE

ENGLAND has been called by many foreign visitors a country of fertile fields, green woods, good roads and *glorious hedges*. The latter are strikingly beautiful as the seasons change, clad as they are in vestures of ever-changing colours. In spring the foliage is bright emerald green, darkening as summer advances until autumn tints the landscape, and then gold, red and brown blend with some of the darker greens that are later in changing colour. Even when winter's grip is on all, the hedgerows bordering an old lane are highly attractive, when every twig is encrusted with hoar frost which glitters and radiates in many different lights, in the gleams of winter sunshine.

Wild flowers of many kinds flourish on the banks and in the ditches in their season. Wild life, from the tiny insect to the fox, make their haunt or home here for a time. There seems to be a certain amount of affinity between these creatures and human beings, particularly so with birds; for one knows from personal observations that they prefer hedges in close vicinity to a high road and near houses. This year in such a vicinity I found no less than fourteen different nests in forty-five yards of hedgerow. But in two fields away, along a hedge over one hundred yards long, there were only two blackbirds' nests, and one chaffinch's. Before this bird has completed his fantastic dance for the mate he is wooing to admire, the blue-tit's note, when he is searching for a mate,

sounds like the tinkle of a little silver bell up and down our hedgerows. When we hear the chaffinch singing his utmost from the topmost twig of a bush or from the outside bough of a tree, we know that his mate and nest are close by. This bird ranks amongst our neatest and most expert of nest-builders. The nest is cup-shaped, made of moss and lined with horsehair, and the outside adorned with lichen. It is a perfect specimen of neat architectural work. Yet this is not always so, for I have found them very slovenly built and without any outside decoration.

It is in the hedgerows that that sentinel for all wildings, the blackbird, and that sweet songster, the thrush, frequently (not always by any means) nest and rear their young. Linnets, shrikes, finches and many others nest and feed here also. The turtle-dove prefers an old thorn hedge to build her frail platform of twigs for her two white eggs; pheasants and partridges constantly nest in the hedge bottoms, and under the bank tangle, more often than in the woods.

Insects innumerable thrive here, and form the food of the insectivorous creatures that inhabit our beautiful hedgerows. My work is always among such places in the winter, and I have been surprised at the quantity of insects our little wren finds in the crevices and among the mosses on the old stems. Rabbits burrow easily in the banks, as the roots make this soil porous; and many people would hardly credit that so timid an animal, whose every movement, eye, and even the eye, speaks of timidity, will drive away its dread enemy the stoat, in defence of its young. This has been witnessed not only by me, but by others who walk or work in the open fields or woods.

Moles have their main runs through the banks into the damp ditches, and I have known eight caught in the same run in a day. There is an old saying, "As blind as a mole," but put your finger within an inch or so of its nose, and then tell me what you think of his blindness. Rats stay here till harvest is gathered in and the last hedge fruit has gone; then the majority move to the nearest building. Stoats and weasels hunt and live here for a time, then move on. Snakes, frogs, toads and lizards are all to be found here at times. Many meals I have unearthed for toads and frogs when ditching. It is very interesting to watch one of these creatures creep up to a wriggling worm or insect. If it is an insect, one lighting thrust with his wonderful tongue and it has vanished. With a large worm it is different: an inch or two often protrudes from the corner of his mouth, and the expression on his face as he tries by a series of gulps to stow it out of sight is a study worth seeing. Owls hunt up and down hedges with regularity every night, and if poor froggie is hunting for his food among the grass a little distance from the ditch, his piteous cry tells us one of these most useful birds has caught him. Well versed is the fox in all the ways of hedgerow life, and often he waits for hours for a hare to slip through her "mew" in the hedge-bottom, or for a covey of partridges to dust themselves at the foot of the bank. This is the hedgehog's sanctuary, and he can be found here at practically any time of the year by those who know where to look for him.

The fruit which hedgerows yield is best known to country people. The blackberry (the fruit of the bramble), and the crab-apple make exquisite jelly; and an excellent preparation is made from the juice of the crab-apple for sprains and bruises, known as "Verjuice." Sloes and elderberries make an ideal cordial for winter use. Years ago the flowers of the latter were gathered and distilled by country damsels into a wash, to aid their complexion. An old hedgerow that I have visited many times is always fresh in my memory. A little distance away is a small hamlet with its grey old (church) clock tower mellowed by the hand of Time and surrounded by a peaceful "God's Acre" where many men with whom I worked as a boy are at rest, as I once heard a Surrey man say, "under their daisy quilts."

Correspondence

AFTER THREE YEARS

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

ON November 8, 1918, in the morning, the Germans left the little town. Most of them had loved it. They had loved its picturesqueness, its belt of rich meadows cut up by the tall hedgerows, its immense forest and its lake. Many of them, unconscious or forgetful of what the people had suffered, expressed their hope of some day revisiting it. The moment the very disorderly rear-guard cleared the last street, two officers, left behind for the purpose, set in action the machinery prepared for blasting the munitions depots—the largest along the whole front—and took themselves off before the explosion, like the breath of a volcano, blew down some sixty houses and shook everything within ten miles. A fortnight later I paid the little town my first visit for four years. I found everything smaller than I thought, ragged, ugly and depressing. There was none of the sublimity I had been conscious of, the two previous days, while crossing the vastness and stillness of the red zone. The people were dazed and sometimes a little silly. I inspected the shell of my house, asked a few questions, realized that in a place where you could not find a doctor or a grain of quinine there was no chance of finding cement or slates, and left with the admixture of disgust and contempt our selfishness is apt to produce when serviceable things suddenly appear as a burden.

I try to revive these memories every time I spend a few days in the town. It is not easy. The people have long ceased to seem dazed or silly. They have all somehow managed to get employment, even while the few factories were empty. The men would go long distances by train to work on the big railway stations the *Compagnie du Nord* was rebuilding, or they uncharged German shells in the forest on the plant of the Pickett Company, where I am surprised to find that no Englishmen, except a foreman or two, are even employed. The women very early made money at hastily rebuilt little factories of Lisle goods. Farming had, from the first, a great chance of which as usual it took merciless advantage. For a long time an egg cost between fifteen and nineteen *sous*, and even now a mangy-looking lettuce cannot be had for less than a franc. What with working or selling or both, everybody looks better off than I ever saw them before: all the young women are in silk stockings and the young men ride the smartest bicycles. If the two spinning-mills and the glass-works were not at a standstill for lack of orders, there is little doubt that the town would be more prosperous than it ever was. As it is nobody finds it necessary to emigrate to the Chauny or St. Quentin districts, where rebuilding is brisk, but is carried on almost entirely by Belgian, Polish or Spanish outfits, and only superannuated school teachers or revenue officers stoop to making a little extra money in the once universal industry, smuggling matches or tobacco from Belgium.

But purely material prosperity can be almost as melancholy as poverty. There is an offhand take-everything-for-granted manner with these people which is a great contrast to the mellow politeness of the workmen of yore. (I remember a perfect gentleman of an old potter I used to visit for the sake of a tame turtle-dove thridding among the gigantic jars ordered from the glass-works). The only relief comes when the conversation turns to the possibility of another war with Germany and the Bolsheviks, and seeing jaunty people suddenly turn grave is but a relief of short duration. If you try to seek solace with that inexhaustible fount of silent joys, inanimate nature, you are disappointed again. Where is now the finished beauty of the forest on which ages had been at work? During four years six electrical lumber mills shrilled at it while a regiment of French workmen constantly

watched by German officers—*la colonne*, the people called it—and provided with barbarous destructive implements, broadened the mysterious paths into roads, made room for railroads or for processions of hideous wire poles, or were kept at work on one area till the scraggy configuration of the soil, never seen before, appeared in its nakedness, and vast deserts of ugly stumps replaced the noble councils of oaks or beech-trees I used to approach almost in awe. There is a general untidiness in those miles and miles of devastation—tree trunks too rotten to be carted away, remnants of workmen's camps, marshy-looking spots resulting from deepening ruts—which makes it almost impossible to realize that only seven years ago wood-flowers and mosses brought loveliness from the depths of the forest to the very lip of the road. When you walk along those roads now it is difficult not to be reminded at every step that the hateful "ya-ya" resounded there during four years, or to blame the Parisians of 1871 for lighting purifying fires in the avenues down which the triumphant German army marched into their town.

I think of dear friends in the perfection of Surrey sometimes while I retrace my steps through the park that was so befitting a setting for the *comtesse* of my young days and her *calèche*. How can they imagine what I feel in those rough lanes that used to be golden avenues, incessantly disturbed by the explosions of munitions dumps which after three years' continuous work the English company has not been able to exhaust? War and peace are only significant words for people living on the marshes. The most painful impression lies in a sense from which only very young people can escape—that a gulf has been created in our existence and that we are on the desolate side of it. There are in every country out-of-the-way places where building is practically unknown. A man may be born in one of these, grow up, and reach manhood without being given a chance of imagining that something new can be produced in his immediate surroundings. Hence a wonderful sense of stability and repose which may be shaken in after life but survives and eventually brings back so many wayfarers to the home where their imagination shows them everything as it used to be. They may have seen their relations and friends drop round them as protecting ranks of comrades falling suddenly give a soldier the feeling that he is alone under fire; they may have grown tired of the endless repetitions of life and ceased to take much interest in their interior drama; as long as something that was the background of their existence in its most receptive period subsists they retain the certainty that they can fall back on something that will stay them to the last. Let this comforting belief fail them; let the old church be so patched up and plastered up that it looks like a new one, with so-called stained glass windows provided by a standardizing contractor working in the very yard of a hideous railway junction; let the sixteenth-century bells you used to climb up to as a boy, to the amazement of staring young owls, be replaced by brilliantly burnished upstarts, and let the belfry-clock begin to strike the hours in unknown tones: let an army of gibbering masons spread newness around you within a radius of ninety miles; let new people appear everywhere in your vicinity dressed up in their new clothes, you will feel exposed and lonely as you might if you were landed on some inhospitable shore. This is what you can feel, after a war, in the little town where you were born; this is what the French aristocrats felt when they returned to Paris after the Revolution, and this is what the poor Russian *émigrés*, so seldom mentioned in the *Daily Chronicle*, will feel if ever the world gets rid of Bolshevism. I assure you it is bitter, and Paris after that is almost an Eden.

Note.—Any reader who experiences difficulty in obtaining a regular copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW is requested to communicate the facts to the Manager, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"PSYCHIC SCIENCE"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the interests of education, and especially at this time when the public is becoming more and more aware of the necessity of allotting an increased importance to sound instruction in the elements of scientific knowledge and the principles of scientific inquiry in schools, colleges and examinations for the public services, I desire to call attention to the recent appearance of an article in the serial work entitled, 'The Outline of Science—A Plain Story Simply Told,' edited by Professor Arthur Thomson, and now being issued by George Newnes, Ltd.

Section xvi of vol. 2 of this work consists of an article by Sir Oliver Lodge, headed 'Psychic Science,' which deals exclusively with the alleged facts of Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Phantasms, Spirit Photography, etc.; its subject-matter being roughly co-extensive with the contents of the numerous publications of the Society of Psychical Research. None of the alleged facts set forth in this article, either as established or supported by evidence as reasonably probable, has ever been tested or demonstrated by any method of inquiry which can duly claim to be regarded as scientific. The point I wish to insist on here is not that telepathy, etc., etc., are impossible, but that there is no evidence in proof of their existence.

Sir Oliver Lodge explicitly describes "telepathy" as a *discovery*; he states further that cases of telepathy are far too numerous for chance coincidences to explain; and says that "the fact has been established by a most carefully conducted and hypercritical census of inquiry." His whole article of twenty pages is pervaded by mere re-assertions of statements already and often exposed as untrustworthy. He makes no mention of a large elaborate and closely relevant work published in 1917 by the Stanford University of California, entitled 'Experiments on Psychical Research,' and written by John Elgar Coover, Assistant Professor of Psychology. This work shows much detail of various forms of experiment made on numbers of educated persons, mainly university students (several of whom were believers in telepathy) that in none of these classes of experiments was there evidence of any significant deviation from theoretical probability. I will give but one instance from one class of experiment; viz., the guessing of numbers (on lotto-blocks) from 10 to 90. When the experimenter knew and vividly imaged the numbers, there were 498, and when he was ignorant of the number, there were 502, successful guesses made by the subject of the experiment.

It is clear that 'Psychic Science,' as set forth and treated by Sir Oliver Lodge, does not exist. It should have no place in an educational work on science. The insertion of this article in the 'Outline' must cause dismay to many subscribers and scientific contributors who have supported this publication in the faith of its being conducted on scientific lines; and the contents of the article will gravely mislead many of its readers who simply trust to it for sound scientific information and instruction.

I am, etc.,

Hyde Park Street, W.

BRYAN DONKIN

P.S.—Besides the purely intellectual harm caused by the so-called "Psychic" literature at the present time, we must remember that the operation of mediums of many kinds are causing large numbers of mental wrecks, mostly irrecoverable.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 29, I advanced the theory that Shakespeare himself, and his own art, was the idol of the sonnets. The picture was obviously inspired by the "painted counterfeit," mentioned in xvi., showing the poet as he was when "in the lovely April of his prime." He had a girlish face (xx.) and dark red-brown hair "like buds of marjoram" (xcix.). If only that portrait could be found!

If this theory finds favour, then the much-debated Sonnet xx. must be restored to its original text, for after describing the eye of the "master-mistress" of his "passion" (or poesy) as constant in "rolling," and "gilding the object whereupon it gazeth," he makes the strange remark: "A man in hew, all hews in his controlling." I am much mistaken if this is not "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and the "hews in his controlling" are the hews or "forms of things unknown" which the poet's pen, by tricks of his strong imagination, "turns to shapes," giving them "a local habitation and a name."

The sonnet has resemblance with lines 120-128 of 'A Lover's Complaint,' where poetic art is the subject; and Rosaline's description of the philosopher-poet, Byron, in 'Love's Labour Lost' (ii., 1), is to the same effect. The enigma of the sonnets has been pronounced insoluble. Literary detectives are needed to follow up these clues.

I am, etc.,

R. L. EAGLE

19 Burghill Road, Sydenham, S.E.

A DIET OF LONGEVITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I follow with interest the arguments of two of your correspondents, advocating the claims, respectively, of wine and beer as items in a diet of longevity. There lies before me a printed proposal which seems to negative the claims of both beverages to a place in such a dietary. I am invited to insure my life in a leading insurance society and, amongst other inducements, I am offered a reduction of ten per cent. on the usual annual premium if I happen to be an abstainer from both and all similar classes of beverage. The bearing of this business proposition on at least the negative aspect of this subject is equally obvious and significant.

I am, etc.,

FRANK ADKINS

15 Wynne Road, S.W.9.

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—To read the articles of M. l'Abbé Dimnet sometimes makes one wish to read them often, and the charm of his English leads one to dream of the perfection of his French. May we not occasionally have the pleasure of an article in French from his pen?

Some copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW travel far; I speak with knowledge, and I hope that there are few people selfish enough not to pass it on when they have finished with it. It is largely with the idea of giving added enjoyment to readers overseas that I plead for M. Dimnet's French.

I am, etc.,

E. M. L. H.

Brighton

[We had decided, by a coincidence, this very week to invite our French Correspondent to write alternate articles in French and English. The majority of our readers will, we hope, appreciate this opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with M. Dimnet's acute and original mind.—ED. S.R.]

THE POWERS AND TURKEY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Sheridan's letter, in your issue of May 6, appears to me to be based on a false assumption. In common with other Philhellenic writers, he assumes that Greek rule is necessarily better than Turkish rule; but the majority of the inhabitants of Thrace and Southern Macedonia do not share this view.

I do not know on what principle the interests of Moslems should be ignored, but in any case the Moslems are not the only victims of Greek intolerance. The non-Greek Christians, though they have suffered much under Turkish administration in the past, found it easier to bear than the brutal policy of forcible Hellenization pursued by all Greek Governments, whether Venizelist or Constantinist.

Both Turks and Bulgarians have frequently petitioned the Allies for a plebiscite, under impartial auspices, to ascertain the real wishes of the population in the disputed regions. If the majority wish to remain under Greek rule, why does Greece refuse to consider this proposal? If they do not, why should we blush, with Mr. Sheridan, because the Allies have proposed a slight curtailment of the Greek possessions in Thrace?

I am, etc.,

LELAND BUXTON

A Woman's Causerie

ARTISTS' MODELS AND ARTISTS' WIVES

IT is a matter of laughing surprise for the wife of every artist to find what immense curiosity there is amongst other women—not married to artists—about the models who sit for their husbands. How often are they asked, tentatively, after a look at a nude picture or piece of sculpture, "Was that done from a model?" "Is she really like that?" "Do you mind people sitting to your husband when they are not dressed?" Why is there not the same curiosity about the jealousy of doctors' and lawyers' wives? The imagination of a lawyer or a doctor can, no doubt, turn the women that they see professionally, into something as charming as the art of the painter or sculptor makes of the often indifferent material from which he has to work. And what profession must have appeared to the onlooker safer from women, than that of Mr. Pepys? Yet Mrs. Pepys was, as a rule, jealous of the wrong women and knew nothing of those about whom she might have rightly complained.

Jealousy of models is not more common than jealousy of patients, or of clients; it depends on the temperament of the wife, not on the profession of the husband, though of course the wife of an artist has the fact before her that her husband is for hours alone with another woman, more than the wives of men in other professions. But surely the man with nothing at all to do is the one most likely to get into mischief, as indeed the divorce cases show. Scenes and reproaches are not confined to studios, and are probably

rarer there than in any other place. Jealousy is a problem that in the life of the artist's wife has to be met and faced early; and problems squarely met and faced have a way of getting settled. There are times when everyone suffers from doubts, but as most of our imaginative sufferings are a matter of health or disposition, it is ridiculous to fix the blame, as we all do, on the circumstances of the moment. You feel depressed, everything in the house goes wrong, servants are difficult; you go into the studio to find the eternal peace of art, and a smiling model. Suddenly you want to burst into tears, but that feeling passes and the more you know of the lives of models the less you will fear them—for jealousy is a form of fear.

* * *

There is also another side of the question, and that you can only know if you have been able to make friends with your husband's models. They have to stand for hours, tired and bored, they feel that they are at a disadvantage with every fault visible in the crude light of the studio window; in comes someone remote from all this, charmingly dressed, and showing no outward signs of inward struggles. The life, then, seems hard and difficult to them, and yet what else can they do? The really attractive ones, almost from their first day of posing, are carried off to an even harder, though apparently a more flourishing life, or they marry an artist; those who go on with the life do so for a living, or because by temperament or from a hundred other reasons they are not fitted to do other things; the atmosphere of a studio is pleasant to them, and there is a freedom in the life that they like.

* * *

There is, on the whole, too much prurient curiosity about this subject, too many people turn everything into a sex problem. Artists who have married girls who have sat for them, can bear me out when I say that, in a life of hard work in a studio empty of everything but what is necessary, there is nothing mysterious nor suggestive, and that where these things exist, art does not. In the home of an artist who is working seriously, the model more often than not takes the place of a member of the household; she plays with the children, even runs messages and helps in the house; she is, if not altogether a simple and innocent creature, an innocent child while she is there—and often as not, an innocent child all through. I know one, a lovely girl who had posed from her earliest childhood until at seventeen she married an artist, and became herself a well-known painter. Not long ago I went with my husband to see her and found her showing pictures to an old lady. She held out one of a girl going to bathe. With delightful *naïveté* she turned to the somewhat astonished old lady and explained, "That was me when I was sitting to this artist; his wife, too, remembers me like that. I wish I were as thin as that now."

* * *

This, quite natural and harmless point of view, is the one that I wish to insist upon. That there is another I do not deny, but that is too often—always indeed—brought forward as being the only one.

Yol.

Verse

YOU HAVE LIT THE ONLY CANDLE

YOU have lit the one candle in my heart that I am bound to worship,
Kneeling in the draughts of that cold and most solitary place,
Alone, without the stirring priests and breathless sounds of confession
That have made holy such other seclusions, and in their hour of grace
Absolved desires and sins that I am barren of. This sharp
Straight flame of yours is silent, and like a saint throws down on me,
Now I have knelt again after so long on this remembered ground,
The steadfast radiance of his mute impersonality.
You have lit the only candle that shall illumine my wayward paths;
And I tell you, before the time come when its flame must tremble and start,
Facing some great wind of eternity that rends and masters it,
I shall be gone with the thread of its tall spirit safe against my heart.

NANCY CUNARD

Reviews

THE LAST GREAT QUEST

Mount Everest—The Reconnaissance, 1921. By Lt.-Col. C. K. Howard-Bury and other members of the Mount Everest Expedition. Arnold. 25s. net.

THE ascent of Mount Everest is the last great quest of heroic adventure in a fast shrinking world. All the large blank spaces in the map of even fifty years ago are filled in. The Poles have both been reached within the last few years. Only the world's highest mountain still remains unconquered. When that conquest is achieved there will still remain plenty of opportunities for skill, daring and endurance for the mountaineer and the explorer—there are in the Himalayas alone a score of peaks intrinsically more difficult than Mount Everest—but no longer a single supreme goal. It will be the close of an era, and not for mountaineers alone. The Philistine will ask what use or reason is there in the attempt? It cannot be to tell us where the mountain is or what it is like. Its location and height were fixed by survey over seventy years ago, and apparently the most that closer calculation has been able to do since then is to add 139 ft. to the 29,002 of our school books. Last year's reconnaissance has brought out the main details of its configuration, and has furnished us with magnificent photographs of the mountain from almost every main point of view. Why not read Colonel Howard-Bury's narrative, and those of his mountaineering and scientific colleagues, admire the illustrations, and leave it at that?

There are many answers to this question, some intelligible only to lovers of adventure and of the mountains, or to philosophers. But to the Philistine we must reply in terms of utility, and would say that it is well to encourage mountaineers in their inexplicable cravings and activities for the sake of the indirect benefits which follow to mankind at large. We would bid them think of Switzerland with its prosperous hotels and successful sanatoria, with all their ancillary industries—the making of butter and honey and tourist outfits and funicular railways—and of the sum total of added pleasure, health or profit enjoyed by millions who have never heard of de Saussure or Whymper, to whom in reality they owe all these things.

So may it prove with Mount Everest. Sir Francis Younghusband, in his interesting introduction to Colonel Howard Bury's book, obviously foresees a time when the Himalayas will become the playground and sanatorium of the world; when tourists will weary of the tameness of the Alps or the Rockies, when Harley Street will preach the gospel that no health resort below 15,000 feet can really teach the art of deep breathing or adequately stimulate the red corpuscles, and when Sir Henry Lunn will arrange through airship tickets, lectures and all other suitable amenities of hotel life for the Public School Himalayans. And certainly the main impression conveyed by the book is that of the unexpected beauty and interest of the mountains themselves and indeed of the whole country on both sides of the range. Even the bareness of the main Tibetan plateau is rich with flowers and diversified by picturesque castles and monasteries. We had always conceived Himalayan exploration, especially on the north side of the range, as partaking more of the nature of Arctic exploration—the ascent by endless glaciers on to great formless snow-covered mountain masses—than of the true delights of Alpine climbing. The photographs and the descriptions reveal the Himalayas as equalling if not excelling the Alps in all the beauties of form and colour contrasts, but infinitely surpassing them in grandeur. The Kama Valley, circled by three of the world's highest summits, must be superb beyond imagination. Mount Everest itself may not be the most beautiful of all—Mr. Leigh Mallory gives the

preference to its neighbour Makalu—but it is a noble mass of rock with a boldly outlined architectural structure. Shapelier and more clearly defined than either Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa, it has much of the character, on a far more impressive scale, of Mount Robson in the Rockies. It is a worthy monarch among mountains.

The reconnaissance of a great mountain in unexplored country naturally falls into two parts. There is the strategic or explorer's reconnaissance which finds the way from known country through the unknown to the base of the mountain, which opens up the routes to the various valleys which give access to it, locates the suitable base camps and generally puts the mountain in its proper place in the geographical scheme. That task accomplished the tactical or mountaineer's reconnaissance sets out to discover a feasible route up the mountain itself. The strategic reconnaissance was in Colonel Howard-Bury's charge, and in the first twelve chapters of the volume before us, he sets forth how that task was successfully accomplished. The narrative is well told and straightforward, and the reader's interest is kept focused throughout on the country and on the objective of the expedition. The endless petty difficulties and vexations of the task, the infinite tact and steady drive required to keep things going, are left to be inferred from the success of the undertaking itself rather than from the part they play in the story. The relations with the Tibetan authorities seem to have been very happy throughout, and, indeed, the general impression given of the Tibetans is that of a friendly and good-natured peasant folk. The tactical reconnaissance is dealt with in half a dozen chapters by Mr. Leigh-Mallory. The story of this—how the first reconnaissance from the West Rongbuk Glacier on the north made it clear that the only feasible, but quite feasible, route lay up a northern spur of the north-eastern ridge; how the Chang La Col by which that spur could be reached was sought in vain up the Kama valley, and then up the Kharta valley, both from the East, to be reached after immense exertions from this latter valley after traversing another ridge, the Lakhpa La, only to discover that the Chang La could easily have been reached all the time by a cunningly concealed eastern branch of the Rongbuk Glacier—is full of fascinating interest for mountaineers. The general reader will, perhaps, be more interested in the vivid and picturesque descriptions of the great summits and in the actual story of endurance and achievement. This latter, indeed, can only be fully appreciated by those who have had any experience of similar reconnaissance work. Considering the handicaps under which the reconnoitring party suffered in the regrettable death of Dr. Kellas and the sickness of Mr. Raeburn, which deprived it of two of its most experienced members, and left only three *sahibs* to handle and look after the native porters, their performance must be regarded as very remarkable. It is clear that but for the gale blowing on the day when they reached the Chang La they would not only have found the right starting point of the final climb at 23,000 feet, but would have achieved at any rate a part of that final climb itself.

After two chapters in which Dr. Wollaston gives a glimpse into the natural history of the region, Dr. Collie, the President of the Alpine Club, discusses the prospects of success for the expedition which is now well on its way to the mountain, under the general direction of General Bruce—the first inspirer of the idea years ago—with Colonel Strutt as leader of the climbing party. Can Mount Everest be climbed? As far as the expedition itself is concerned, no stronger or more expert body of men could have tackled the problem than those who, under the joint auspices of the Alpine Club and Royal Geographical Society, are essaying it to-day. As far as the mountain itself is concerned the route discovered by last year's reconnaissance presents no serious difficulties from the climber's point of view, if only the weather keeps fine

and windless for a sufficient number of consecutive days, and if the snow is reasonably firm. The real question is whether it is humanly possible to reach an altitude of over 29,000 feet, however perfect all the other conditions. That this can be done without special artificial aid to respiration is highly improbable. It is true that the development of human capacity in this direction has been amazing. The early pioneers of climbing found it almost impossible to breathe on Mount Blanc. Last year's Himalayan party does not seem to have really seriously noticed altitude below 22,000 feet, and there is no reason to doubt that, with all the experience gained of the best ways of breathing, this year's party could beat the Duke of Abruzzi's record of 24,600 feet. But for the last 3,000 feet or so it would seem as if the only chance of success lay in the special oxygen apparatus secured from the Air Ministry. This weighs 32 lbs. per man, it is true, and will necessitate the most elaborate plans for carrying up spare cylinders for the little handful who will make the final push. But it may just make impossibility possible.

SEMPER ALIQUID NOVUM EX AFRICA

In the Heart of Bantuland. By Dugald Campbell. Seeley Service. 21s. net.

THE author of this engrossing book is, after twenty-nine years' pioneering, so familiar with Central Africa and its peoples that he neglects to give his readers an introductory orientation. This is a mistake, because it raises an initial feeling of perplexity. Where is this Bantuland and who are the Bantu peoples? We are left to find out—if we can; and we are plunged at once in *medias res*, emerging a little breathless. The Bantu negroes are monarchical socialists; their idea of king is *the man who can*, and the fittest king to survive is the one who *can provide*. But if you build a better house than your neighbour Bantu, it will be pulled down. "If a man exerts himself to cultivate, breed animals, or amass riches, he courts the enmity of his fellows, and becomes doomed to a premature death" (which is quite a nice way of putting it); and yet Mr. Campbell is so loyal to his Bantus that he says a few lines further on: "Bantu socialism is not a poor man eating up the wealth of a rich man, but each one living, digging, building, hunting, fishing for the public weal—all for one, and one for all." It sounds like a socialistic millennium till we read that the Bantus "are content to pass their lives in a state of mental atrophy." The pleasant fact emerges that "a native will give his best house and his evening meal to a guest, without the slightest thought that he is doing anything extraordinary." Here Highland hospitality and Bantu hospitality meet.

Native law is regarded as the revealed will of the spirits, who form the final court of appeal—by the poison cup or boiling pot ordeal, or some other test. The punishments imposed are often cruel in the extreme, such as giving a bound man to the ants or gouging out the eyes. A baby that cuts the upper incisors before the lower is put to death, lest it should turn into a wild beast. An important rôle is filled by the witch-doctor, "the man from below," or, more colloquially, "the wriggler." "With great red feather head-dress flapping like some hideous night-bird, painted, bedecked with leopard skins and endless charms rattling round his body, eyelids whitened and grinning like an ogre as he performs the wild death dance or with hoarse voice calls up the spirits, he is a sight which once seen haunts one always." There are twelve species of these wrigglers, who hold the keys of the nether world.

Marriage within the same clan is prohibited, and intermarriage with other clans is regulated by conventions. Thus a man of the elephant clan may marry a woman of the clay clan; but not of the honey-bee clan!

There are all sorts of taboos as well as totems, but there are no distinctive clan taboos. The observance of the taboo often means a discipline in control, e.g., when strong beer is taboo; but when fish is taboo in a region without river or lake it looks like making a virtue out of a necessity. Mr. Campbell is ingenuous in admitting that he has failed to get at "the fundamental significance of totems."

An account is given of a weird and foul secret society (Butwa) among the Batwa, a water-people of Lake Bangwela. It is a distinct cult with initiatory rites, ceremonies, and temple services; there is an esoteric language; it is in some measure a benefit society, but it is a grossly immoral business. Bulindu, another secret society, is composed entirely of women. The atmosphere of these chapters is crepuscular; thus Mr. Campbell and a friend once saw a man changing back from lion into human form.

The Bantus show considerable skill, enterprise, and industry. "There is certainly no comparison between the trader's hoe, axe, and knife sold in stores of to-day and the shapely well-finished articles of the Bantu blacksmith's craft." In reference to the changes that civilization has introduced, such as three meals a day instead of one, boots instead of sandals, many clothes instead of almost none, Mr. Campbell lays wise emphasis on two points, that the natives are extremists, able to sit tight in hunger at one time, gluttons and drunkards at another; and that what we call civilization has come too hurriedly upon him. "Here in the interior of Bantuland he is still rubbing his eyes, yawning, and stretching himself, while muttering like a man in a dream: What is it all about?"

The author has more than a good word for polygamy. "Where a savage state of society obtains, polygamists are, as a rule, the best type of men and the most staunch upholders of tribal life and customs. In Africa a native accepts and adheres to monogamy because of poverty, laziness, or inability to work for and support more than one woman. On the other hand polygamists are usually hard workers and aristocrats; men who by virtue of hard work and royal blood are able to work for and support a number of wives." In some tribes polyandry prevails. An appreciation of babies, except when unlucky, is almost universal; they are welcomed as prospective parents.

Bantu languages are musical and euphonious and a knowledge of any one provides a key to 275 others, which represent fifty millions of people inhabiting a third part of the African continent. To learn a Bantu language colloquially is not difficult, but Mr. Campbell gives a warning to the man in a hurry. Books speak of the "Kaya" tribe and the "Kaya" tree, but "Kaya" simply means "I don't know"—the answer the questioner got. The literature is handed on from generation to generation in the initiation schools, and consists of folk-lore and medical recipes and religious ideas. For the whole Bantu life is saturated with theism. We do not know which most to admire, the Bantu names for God—such as "The Unknown," "The Great Great One," "The Father Creator," or the Brer Rabbit and surprise stories.

Let us take a Brer Rabbit tale. The animals were hungered, and Brer Rabbit offered to supply an eighty guinea-fowl dinner. He made a big basket from the osiers by the side of the stream where the fowl came to drink. They asked him what the big basket was for. "Oh," said he, "if I were inside you couldn't lift me, not all of you together." They dared him to try, and when he entered they tossed the basket in the air. "That's nothing," said he, "you all tossed me, but I could toss you all"; and he dared them. So they all hopped inside and Brer Rabbit shut the door and called the elephant and the other animals to the eighty guinea-fowl dinner.

We congratulate Mr. Campbell on his fascinating, scholarly, and finely-illustrated book. We found the beginning a little difficult; we are sorry now that it is done. The author records what he has seen and

learned, and while his reach exceeds his grasp in regard to questions like totemism, he has much to disclose that is new and it all his own. On many questions he speaks with the wisdom of experience, and his advice, which is never obtruded, is always shrewd.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH PRISONS

English Prisons under Local Government. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. Longmans. 15s. net.

IT must surely have been a mild shock to writers so serious as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, when they read Mr. Bernard Shaw's seventy-three pages of preface. If that equally serious philosopher, "Mr. Dooley," had written a preface to Macbeth the shock would have been no greater, for it is impossible to think that Mr. Shaw intended his remarks to be taken seriously. He has a character to keep up, but as a rule he deals with matters about which there are no awkward facts to trammel him, and here we find him describing the present-day prison as "that diabolical den of torment, mischief, and damnation, the modern model prison." According to him, the prison doctor is "a bully to whom your ailments are all malingering" and the chaplain "a moral snob with no time for anything but the distribution of unreadable books." It is possible, of course, that the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw are not to be found upon the shelves of the prisoners' library, but since the works of those lesser lights in English literature, Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, to say nothing of the "best sellers" of these later years, are to be found there, there is scarcely material enough for condemning a very hardworking and meritorious class. We prefer to believe that Mr. Shaw is "pulling our leg" and, incidentally, the legs of those portentously serious persons, the authors of this book. In one respect an evil genius broods over the penal establishments of this country. At a time when the Criminal Law of England was "written in letters of blood" the prisons were all that Mr. Bernard Shaw describes them, but it is the fate of the prison critic as well as the prison apologist to select his facts, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb cannot wholly be absolved from this unphilosophic attitude. One feels that they started to write with a strong bias and that they clenched their hands and gritted their teeth in the effort to conceal their prejudices from the reader.

The State had nothing to do with the administration of prisons before the year 1877. Up to that time they were under the control of a committee of the local magistrates, who were certainly not the kind of body who ought to have been entrusted with the care of persons who had been deprived of personal liberty. They or their colleagues had imposed the sentence. Some other authority ought to have been entrusted with the duty of carrying it out. What actually happened was that they appointed some person in whom they had confidence to govern their prisons and accepted everything he said during their perfunctory visits to the establishment. It was this careless method of doing their duty which was responsible for the scandals at Birmingham and Leicester in 1853, which led to a Royal Commission and to a general feeling throughout the country that the prisons ought to be put under the control of the State. In the meantime, the Home Office exercised a closer supervision through its inspectors and when a Conservative Government decided to make the change in 1877, 113 local prisons were transferred on the same day and 38 of them were immediately closed.

The authors have a good deal to say about the demerits of central control. They complain that whereas the local authorities had been subjected to public criticism, a thick curtain was drawn over the prisons the moment that the Government took charge

of them. They admit that central control made for economy, but they think that it also made for a machine-like uniformity which crushed all the humanity out of the system.

Properly, the scope of their work as laid down by themselves, came to an end with 1877, but they have added two chapters on criticism and suggestion, which deserve some notice. Sir Edmund du Cane's administration, which lasted from 1877 until 1895, left, in their judgment, much to be desired. Du Cane left his mark upon the prison service not only in his great ability as an administrator but as a prison architect as well. Wormwood Scrubbs was built by prison labour on plans designed by him, and whatever may be said about his love of order and method over-riding his sense of humanity, it must be admitted that he did a great work, that no prison scandals occurred during his twenty years of office and that he saved the country many thousands of pounds.

It is admitted a little grudgingly that Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise's administration has introduced many much-needed reforms, but since, according to Mr. Shaw and other critics, no public official can be otherwise than stupid and inhumane, the reforms do not go nearly far enough. What none of these critics seems to have noticed is that every reform costs money, and money in large handfuls. The ideal arrangement would be to have a separate classification for every half-dozen prisoners, to pay for sufficient staff for segregating it, to make them a species of mental case with a mental specialist in attendance upon each. No country can afford to treat the social disease of crime in this extravagant fashion, and if any of them did so it might find in the end that it had not advanced more than a few per cent. nearer to the abolition of professional crime, for the roots of crime lie not in the prison but in the social fabric of society, and if every man were sure of a well-paid job without too much work to do, a job that would satisfy his love of adventure, the prisons would be three-fourths empty, as they were during the period of the war. It is the lack of money that prevents the authorities from giving the prisoners a full day's work. They now have to knock off associated labour as early as half-past four in the afternoon, because the warders complete their eight hours' day at that hour.

Among the suggestions put forward in this book is one that a fuller use should be made of voluntary associations. The authors do not appear to realize how far voluntary associations now take part in prison routine, but that oft-recurring suggestion that bodies like the Church or Salvation Army should be allowed to administer a prison as an experiment for a year or so is not likely to commend itself to the public any more than it would to the prisoner. It would be, in fact, reversion to local government under a new aspect, and most prisoners have very decided views on this subject. Great play is made by Mr. Shaw and lesser play by the authors on the subject of insanity and suicide in prisons, and here, for once, they display a lack of acquaintance with the facts. Suicides among convicted prisoners—the only kind of prisoner who is subjected to labour and discipline—are rare, and in any case the rate of suicide in prison is far lower than it is among the free population of Germany. Most of the suicides or attempted suicides are to be found among the prisoners awaiting trial, who have not the courage to face the disgrace of the criminal dock. It is, moreover, rare for insanity to be developed during a long sentence. Most of the cases certified in prison are those of persons who were insane before their trial but who could not be certified because they had never been medically examined.

There are not many gleams of sunshine in these pages. The authors did not begin their work with the intention of cheering us up, but in spite of their grey pessimism there are gleams of hope which they have not been altogether successful in repressing. It is clear from their own statements that the prisons have

been growing better, that the officials are now animated with humanity and a desire to rescue their charges, that the old days of cruelty are gone and that there is a real co-operation between the prison authorities and voluntary philanthropic agencies outside. If it will go further along the lines of reform the country must be prepared to pay for it.

THE DEAN AND THE QUEEN

The Victorian Age. By W. R. Inge. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

THE appetite of the British public for being scolded is a curious phenomenon, which has not escaped the notice of the most adroit of our living publicists. The Dean of St. Paul's is our Mordecai at the gate, and he assumes in this neo-Georgian Age, which he treats with so much disdain, the rôle of Carlyle and Ruskin sixty years ago. The authorities at Cambridge were well advised in inviting him to deliver the annual Rede Lecture, and he chose his subject with all his accustomed tact. The fashion of the moment, among certain young and thoughtless persons, being to depreciate the Victorian Age, the Dean very naturally takes that period under his protection, and shows that it possessed all the virtues which we lack to-day. He does not indulge in his customary diatribes, but indirectly he pours scorn upon the pride of our times. *Debellare superbos* is always his motto, and he knows exactly how to make his innuendoes palatable and amusing. It may seem unkind to recall to his memory that he himself is neo-Georgian. "We old Victorians," he says, but as a matter of fact, up to the hour when Victoria died, Dr. Inge was only known, outside a private circle, as the author of an Eton Latin Grammar. His fame as a mystic and as a satirist is a creation of the present century, and until Edward VII came to the throne, Dr. Inge pursued his researches in *contentio veritatis* in private. He is a remarkable and valuable product of the very period which he disdains.

It is not necessary to say that his Rede Lecture is full of pointed and salutary phrases. The Dean of St. Paul's has a gift for epigram. His audience must have been delighted to hear that "the problem of mending or ending industrialism, foolishly called capitalism, remains unsolved," and that "literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and half an art." Some of our popular novelists, proud of their "best sellers," will make a wry face at being told that they "turn out several books a year, just as a shoemaker manufactures so many pairs of boots." There is no one now writing from whose pen such pungent truths as these slip so easily as from that of the Dean of St. Paul's. Where he is lacking is never in wit or stringency, but in sympathy, a quality, it is true, not specially required by a satirist. In glorifying the Victorian Age at the expense of our own, he carefully guards himself against any admiration of the literature, science or morals of to-day. He sits in ashes, a melancholy (but not inconsolable) Jeremiah in the midst of a ruined civilization. But we rub our eyes, and whisper, so low as not to disturb his pulpit eloquence, that things are in fact scarcely so bad as all that.

The remarks of the Dean on history and literature are always striking and often sound. In this little volume they are apt to be summary, for no one can be exhaustive about seventy years in the course of one hour. His main points are that the pendulum swings backwards and forwards, and that the Elizabethan and Victorian Ages will appear to the historian of the future as the twin peaks in which English civilization culminated. The first of these positions is unquestionably true; as to the second, it is perhaps a little early for us to dogmatize. But so far as the greatness of individual Victorians is concerned, no sober judge can fail to condemn the petulance of the little critics of to-day who love to depreciate them. Let the

pigmies who despise Browning and Darwin write something one-tenth as good as 'The Origin of Species' and 'Pippa Passes' before they speak again. With regard to Tennyson, whom the Dean of St. Paul's places at the very apex of the pyramid of fame, we do not think that his reflections are quite sound. He cannot understand how any honest mind can see a blemish in Tennyson. "His technique as a writer of verse was quite perfect," he declares, but few will agree with him. Even sixty years ago good critics observed that the versification of the 'Idylls of the King' was "soft and flowing, but deficient in energy and condensation," and Tennyson can never again be read with satisfaction except by those who perceive that from his brilliant output there is "much to pare away."

THE LIFE OF THE BEACH

The Biology of the Sea-Shore. By F. W. Flattely and C. L. Walton. Sidgwick and Jackson. 16s. net.

THIS very interesting and not unduly technical account of the plants and animals of the sea-shore appears opportunely when many people are preparing for a seaside holiday. There are some such to whom golf and bathing, bands and pierrots, do not supply a complete intellectual diet. With the help of this excellent book, they can spend some casual hours very agreeably by studying something of "the wonderfully vigorous and many-sided nature of the struggle for existence between tide-marks." The sea-shore, as Professor J. Arthur Thomson observes in a brief introduction, is perhaps the most interesting of all the great haunts of life. The struggle for existence is as keen there as in modern England—though there is fortunately no unemployment. "It is not a place for easy-going animals unless they have special adaptations." Professor Thomson, than whom there is no higher authority, says that Messrs. Flattely and Walton's book is the best guide he knows to the study of how the animals of the sea-shore deal with the hourly problems presented to them in the art of life. "The book is a treasury for the student of fitnesses." The authors are not concerned with dead specimens, but with the living organism and its responses to its environment. Their work is a contribution to what used to be called bionomics, but is now usually known as ecology, a term introduced by Haeckel "to cover the relations of the animal to both its organic and inorganic environment, particularly its relations, whether friendly or hostile, to those animals and plants with which it comes into contact." It is difficult not to suppose that some of these relations are modified by a quasi-human intelligence. Take, for instance, the camouflage adopted by the long-legged spider-crabs, which have evolved the habit of planting seaweeds, hydroids and the like on their hairy carapaces, so as to render them almost invisible against their normal background. No doubt this may be a mechanical action, explained by the accidental survival of crabs which happened thus to have been concealed from their enemies and prey. But how are we to explain, except on a theory of intelligence, the action of similar crabs placed in a tank among sponges, who proceed to pick the conspicuous algae from their bodies and replace them by fragments of sponge? The authors describe elsewhere the method which these crabs employ in dressing themselves with pieces of weed, which are cut with the forceps and placed on the back; if one is too big and sticks out over the edges of the carapace, the crab removes it, cuts a piece off and replaces it. Those who have witnessed the performance have difficulty in believing that it is purely automatic. The same difficulty is presented by the tube-building operations of certain marine worms, such as that so well described on page 241. Certain crabs carry about anemones in their claws, living on a share of the food which the anemones

catch, whilst the latter are rewarded by free transport to the best hunting-grounds. Here again intelligence seems to be postulated. Yet the authors, who preserve a sceptical attitude, remind us that the danger of attributing the term "intelligent" to these operations is seen when we reflect "that workmanship of an equally wonderful kind is displayed by such lowly forms as the Foraminifera in the construction of their cells." These microscopic organisms, indeed, show much greater ability as workmen than the nest-building stickle-back, and to call their activities "instinctive" does not appreciably help us to explain their marvels. The authors admit that no real explanation is possible at present. But the mere facts are so interesting that we confidently recommend their study.

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS

The Wrath of Achilles. Translated from the Iliad into quantitative hexameters. By George Ernle. Milford. 10s. net.

Four Plays of Æschylus. Rendered into English verse by G. M. Cookson. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s. net.

A GREAT scholar prophesied that the war would kill the classics. Instead, it has produced a new energy in rendering them once more. 'The Wrath of Achilles' is a selection of passages for which the references in the original should have been given. It is printed in handsome style and presents a courageous attempt which was well worth while. The English hexameters of Kingsley and Clough are monotonous in their accent, and metre of this sort is so easy to produce that it is only fit for comic purposes. Partly yielding to the familiar jog-trot accent by way of compromise, Mr. Ernle insists that the natural rhythm should be free to differ from the scansion rhythm, thus getting rid of the monotony. His stresses are not bound to fall in particular places, and he is a careful observer of quantities. That is the right way to make the hexameter worthy of English, but a way full of difficulty. Tennyson believed he knew the quantity of every word in the English language except *scissors*, but translators, versifiers and critics have no such certainty to-day. We do not agree with all that is said here on the subject, but applaud some very sensible remarks on English spelling and pronunciation. Classical names are bound to be awkward, and a reasonable latitude must be allowed in English. Mr. Ernle is not the first to make such hexameters, but the first, perhaps, to exhibit them at considerable length. We hope his rendering may help to restore a sense of English quantities before it is too late, but he has to face long-rooted prejudice. Here is Xanthos, the horse, talking to his master:

Yea, Achilles, grim master, we bear thee safely a season.
Howso thy doomsday draws near. And do not, Achilles,
Lay any blame on us: for God, for Destiny doom thee.
No vigilance or swiftness of ours could rescue Patroclus;
No lack of either in us let Trojans capture his armour:
But the son of Leto, high champion of the Immortals,
Slew him in our forefront and gave his glory to Hector.
We'll run against the rushing West wind, most nimble of all winds,

And never fear to match him: but know thy destiny likewise
Is to be slain Achilles, of a Deity and of a mortal.

Mr. Cookson, in his 'Four Plays of Æschylus,' shows good taste and a bold, effective vocabulary. His choruses are fluent, and, like other people's, some way off the crude originals. Thus in 'The Persians' we read:

But beds are wet with many a tear
Where late the longed-for love lay warm;
New luxury of grief is dear
To our fair Persians: some mailed form
She kissed "Good-bye," her love, her own,
Each misses, left in wedlock lone.

The touch of modern sentimentality here is quite unsuitable. Mr. Cookson can do the grand style and is not afraid of the Æschylean imagery. But his rendering throughout is hardly a translation; it is a free

expansion. He fills out line after line with extra words of his own. He might have realized how far he has carried this freedom if he had numbered the lines in tens at the side. All classical translators who want to be read should do this.

ROUGH AND READY CRITICISM

Through the Fourth Wall. By W. A. Darlington. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

THE dust-cover of this imposing volume seeks to put the reader wise, as the phrase goes, about a number of things. It succeeds in putting him, we suppose we may say, very unwise. It tells him that the writer is the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, "himself the author of two of the most successful humorous novels of the time," and that he "here discusses the art of the theatre from every possible standpoint." The last part of this statement is untrue. Mr. Darlington is nowhere concerned with, say, a view of the theatre as a social or educational force, and very little with the theatre as an art. The standpoint is that of the author of 'Alf's Button,' whose habit and inclination are to tell Alf what that hero would want to hear about a new play. The result is good, sound, common-sense criticism set plainly forth. The cover states further that "all the principal players are passed under review." This is misleading. A "review" of an actor must bring him before you on the printed page as he looked and spoke, or it is nothing. Mr. Darlington's readers will find it difficult to gather, from these "reviews," in what particularity Mr. Godfrey Tearle, for example, differs from Mr. Owen Nares. Miss Sybil Thorndike comes in for more detailed examination. Unfortunately Mr. Darlington's analysis finds us in complete disagreement. "Every natural advantage is hers; she is, like the parts she plays, cast in the heroic mould." Whereas the remarkable thing about this actress is, we would say, that, lacking natural advantages of intonation and physical habit, she should succeed in bending up every mental, spiritual and nervous agent to produce the effect of a noble and heroic creature.

Mr. Darlington has reprinted these articles without revision, hot and strong as they appeared in the daily Press. This was bold. Rare are the wits capable of putting together topical articles which, unrevised, shall endure as literature. "I hate the word 'stylist,'" declares this critic. Unfortunately his book shows a disinclination for the thing itself. We detect a failure to realize that it matters little to-day that Hazlitt was right about Beaumont and wrong about Fletcher, or vice versa. The important thing is that he should have been tremendously right about Hazlitt. It does not really matter that the author of these essays should be sound about top lighting or the apron stage. What is important is that he should be right about Mr. Darlington. Yet we find him reprinting without a qualm such *facetiae* as:

Modesty is a very beautiful quality, no doubt. In violets and village maidens it is—or used to be—a *ne plus ultra* (or do I mean a *sine qua non*?)

Banality such as this falls between two stools. The fastidious will have none of it, and it is not florid enough for the Alfs. Yet there is plenty of matter in the book which only needed the antiseptic of style to be worth preserving.

A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK

News Hunting on Three Continents. By Julius Chambers. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. CHAMBERS, whose death we regret to see announced in a foot-note to the preface of this entertaining volume, was a successful American journalist of the old school. From 1870 to 1889 he was employed by the *New York Herald*, of which he rose to be editor, afterwards holding the same post on the *World*. His reminiscences mostly deal with

his experiences as a reporter, in which capacity he brought off more than the average number of "scoops." Most of them deal with murders, in the investigation of which it was the pride of the nineteenth-century New York reporter to get ahead of the police. Mr. Chambers succeeded on several occasions in saving an innocent person from the gibbet, or in sending an unsuspected one to it—achievements in which he takes an equal pride, and which no doubt were on the whole in the interests of justice. Others of his stories are of a lighter complexion, and in some of them we fancy that he would have confessed, like Goethe, that a certain amount of fiction occasionally gets mixed with truth in an autobiography. But they are all good reading. Mr. Chambers draws an interesting picture of Mr. James Gordon Bennett and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who were successful but trying proprietors. Both thought it desirable to adopt "the Bennett system of espionage, which begets much falsehood and occasions some injustice." Mr. Bennett proposed to place Mr. Chambers in his London office as a spy on his colleagues, though Mr. Chambers believes that his prompt refusal to accept such a post was a chief element in his future success with "the Commodore." When Mr. Chambers went as editor to the *World*, he learnt "that organization and discipline were not favoured by the proprietor, who thought the best results were attained by playing man against man." Yet it was apparently political rancour alone which caused a certain Secretary of State to inform Mr. Chambers, then representing the *Herald*, that he seemed to be "a gentleman in the employ of a blackguard."

CAVALRY IN FRANCE

With Cavalry in the West. By "Aquila." The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

THE author of this unpretentious but readable little book went out to France in October, 1915, to join a regiment in the 2nd Cavalry Division, with which he served till after the Armistice. War has been defined as consisting of long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of unpleasant excitement. This definition was certainly true as far as the cavalry in France was concerned, once the trench line had been established. Their time was largely spent in billets where they did their best to keep horses and men fit, under very trying conditions, for that vainly hoped "break-through" which never came off. It was not a cavalry man's war. Men who had been trained laboriously for mounted operations found themselves utilized in making roads and burying corpses. A cavalryman, says "Aquila," is the most gallant thing in the world when he has his horse between his knees, "but the sight of him on foot, ploughing through a foot of mud, with waders on instead of puttees and spurs, was enough to depress any one." In these circumstances cavalry cannot even fulfil their reputed duty of giving elegance to what would otherwise become a mere vulgar brawl. During the Somme battle in 1916 "Aquila's" chief job was carrying up ammunition to batteries in action—a useful though humble task of which he feelingly describes the difficulties—"it is the easiest thing in the world under conditions like these to lose both your command and the way as well." At Arras in April, 1917, two cavalry divisions were brought up to exploit a success which was not achieved, and the old soldiers in "Aquila's" troop said that the waiting about in the snow and cutting wind was the greatest hardship they had experienced in the war up to that time. A great many horses actually died of cold and exposure, in addition to those of whom German shell took toll. "The cheerfulness of the men under conditions like this is positively amazing: one never hears a murmur, except various complimentary remarks about the weather." A somewhat similar experience at Cambrai followed in the autumn: "we had expected a fine mounted show, and here we were forming a trench party for the *n*th time." When the last and biggest German offensive began in March,

1918, the cavalry divisions were again used to supply dismounted reinforcements to the infantry; the doctrine of mobility was flung to the winds. When it appeared that there was for once going to be a kind of open warfare, and the cry arose for mounted men, "we were not there as cavalry, for all our men were heavily engaged on their flat feet." Within a week, however, the division was reformed and had a brief spell of work as cavalry, in which "Aquila's" regiment lost just about half its strength. Their first real chance of showing what cavalry as such could do was on August 8, when one brigade alone captured a thousand prisoners, a regiment captured a German train full of returning leave-men, and "Aquila's" own regiment took Warvillers and Vrély sword in hand. "Aquila" gives an entertaining and obviously truthful account of the various problems which present themselves to a young cavalry officer, and his remarks on the art of commanding men show that he had the root of the matter in him. His book is an excellent contribution to the psychology of the public schoolboy who unexpectedly became a temporary officer, and did his job with the cheery conscientiousness characteristic of his class.

Fiction

QUIET READING

- The Stronger Influence.* By F. E. Mills Young. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.
Secret Harvests. By Dorothy Percival. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.
Adam and Eve and the Lonely Lady. By Evelyn Close. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

NINE Englishmen out of ten read the newspaper in their hours of idleness, drowning their petty worries in a calm flood of crime, sport and personalities. Their wives and daughters prefer the escape through fiction, and keep large numbers of their own sex ceaselessly occupied in turning out the necessary material for their entertainment. Most of it is naturally not at all good, hardly any is very good, but some of it is good enough in a pedestrian manner. The essential quality in novels of this class is comfortableness; and it is difficult to write fully and truly about life without at times distressing the soft-hearted. The difficulty may be avoided by entering the realms of fantasy; but the public, as a whole, is profoundly distrustful of the fantastic. What it likes is a judiciously faked photograph of everyday affairs, with all the angles rounded off and the ugly details pencilled out. Some of its favourite authors manifestly produce these undisturbing pictures with their tongue half way through their cheek; others, of whom are the three ladies whose books are now before us, do so with transparent honesty, because they share the tastes of their readers. None of them shows any striking originality of thought, or feeling for the beauty of prose; but all are readable and eminently wholesome.

Miss Mills Young is the best of the trio, her narrative manner being more direct and easy than that of her rivals, and her characterization truer. In the hands of a more ruthless artist the story of Esmé Lester's marriage to a man whom she knew to be a secret drinker might have been a very painful business indeed. For Esmé was a nice girl, and her husband a good fellow, even when in the toils of his vice; and his relapse, after the temporary cure affected by his love for his bride, was a tragedy ending in utter catastrophe. His actions, when drunk, resulted in the serious injury of Esmé; and, overcome with horror of himself, he disappeared, was reported dead, and returned, years later, only to find his supposed widow the wife of another man. But the author tiptoes swiftly and lightly over this flinty ground; and we think that few readers will at any time doubt that all will be well at the end. And so it is. Paul Hallam is definitely cured of alcoholism by serving in the Great

War (which, from all accounts, did not invariably have this effect on men with a taste for the bottle), Esmé's love for him is still alive, and the second husband behaves with extraordinary unselfishness, withdrawing himself at once from the scene of the happy reunion, without even making any difficulty about leaving his child to the sole care of its mother. The South African setting of the story is interesting, and the characters talk naturally with each other, although we could wish that they had avoided the use of the popular phrase: "Oh my dear, my dear!" to express passionate love and deep emotion.

'Secret Harvest' is more ambitious, but not so successful. It starts slowly, being overloaded with detail, and the dialogue is frequently wooden. To make this account of humdrum rustic life enthralling, an art more exquisite than that of Miss Percival is needed. Humour, too, is almost indispensable in treating such a subject; and the few jokes that occur in this novel are generally spoiled by having attention called to their appearance. But the history of the family of yeomen, and the jealousy that grew between the two (supposed) brothers, warms up by degrees; while the disclosure of the secret of Felix Stannard's actual parentage, with its hereditary legacy of pride, violence and animalism, comes as quite a surprise. These are all pleasant people, even Felix; and there is considerable charm in the Cotswold scenery. The "wildest excesses" of the hero, promised to us by the publishers in their note on the jacket of the book, prove to be nothing worse than a single night of instantly regretted drunkenness, and a passing association, discreetly recorded and dissolved without difficulty, with a village trollop. This is as it should be. Wild excesses would be quite out of place in so tranquil an atmosphere.

Lastly, we have Miss Close's effort with the cumbersome name. (Eden and its thin population, by the way, are curiously often drawn upon, at present, to furnish book-titles.) This author can write very prettily about trees and streams and clouds and flowers and bees. Many of her purely descriptive pages are undeniably charming; but of the story itself the best that can be said is that it is highly suitable for serial publication in a daily newspaper. Eve was the daughter of a great French actress, who left her child to the care of others, and ultimately perished in a somewhat unusual shipwreck. The girl came to England and, by a strange coincidence, met and loved a painter whose Christian name was Adam. By a still more curious chance (the odds must be millions to one against this) they both became acquainted with a dramatist called Lilith Dymocke, who belied her baptismal name, however, by acting as the fairy godmother of the lovers. There were the usual misunderstandings between the young people; and, when enough of them had occurred, the inevitable marriage took place. This is practically all, although there are a few excrescences, including a ghost. The actors in this little love affair are, however, a good deal more natural than might be expected from the mechanical nature of their experiences. We rather object to Adam, who was one of those men, beloved by many women writers, who are prodigiously muscular and ill-mannered, and use regrettable language in the presence of ladies with whom they are unacquainted. But Eve herself, the clergyman and his wife with whom she lived, her grandparents, and some others are agreeably drawn. With a bag of chocolates and a sunny corner, we can see hosts of girls getting a "good read" out of Adam and Friends.

The Old Eve. By Basil Creighton. Chatto and Windus. 8s. net.

THE inexhaustible subject of sex relationship provides practically all the building material for 'The Old Eve.' Hartley, the vacillating hero of the book, theoretically recognizes it, to begin with, as a simple

and universal thing, requiring no more explanation than eating or sleeping. He is for clearing it of its romantic superstructure, and assigning it to what he believes to be its proper incidental place in the life of a man. But having arrived at this cool altitude, he is quite incapable to take up his abode there in peace, and his story largely consists of his mental dialectics and acrobatics on the subject. The chief reason for his uneasiness is that the woman he has chosen appears to accept his reasonable doctrine far too complacently. We say "appears," for as a matter of fact she has loved him in the usual complex manner from the day when they met, but keeps her secret in deference to his expressed opinions. As a natural result a spirit of opposition is aroused in Hartley, a fastidious and poetic person who is totally unsuited to follow his own farm-yard creed.

It is all very well for him to propose a casual and temporary union, to be carried on without sentiment and dissolved whenever it ceases to amuse; but it is another to find his ideas meet with an instant and careless agreement. The purely physical nature of their association soon grows distasteful, and he is haunted by a longing for the love which civilized men have invented and perfected for their own delight and torture. It seems scarcely possible, however, that the woman who has surrendered so swiftly and utterly can be the ideal partner for whom he is seeking, and a disillusioned parting follows. Absence opens his eyes to the fact that he cannot do without her, and when they meet again it is as every-day lovers, and not as philosophers satisfying a human need. They married, and possibly the union was a success; but, with Hartley's variable nature and passion for self-examination, we should say it was a trifle unlikely. Whether it was or not, Mr. Creighton has written a subtle and unusually clever book. There are points indeed in it where subtlety is carried too far, where the fear of being over-explanatory and heavy-footed leads to an elliptical manner which is needlessly obscure. We doubt, too, whether any lover, in the early stages of acquaintance with his mistress, ever lectured her quite so epigrammatically as did Hartley. These are small blots, however, on a very able study of temperaments and motives, set out, except for a few crabbed passages, in a style full of grace and colour. There is genuine passion and beauty in the love scenes, some memorable descriptions of the countryside and the seashore, and a few sharp snapshots of the unavoidable Great War. Both the hero, in his argumentative male way, and the heroine, in her instinctive feminine one, are attractive creatures; and we the more regret that the author should throughout the book refer to the poor girl, whose name was Vivian, by the repulsive abbreviation "V."

A Love Conference. By Mrs. Arthur Harter. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. HARTER could have found no better mode of narrating the Contessa Giuletta's romance than the oblique manner she adopts in 'A Love Conference.' When we add that in the matters both of development and detail she has placed herself under the guidance of Mr. George Moore, it is to imply that no more agreeable reading could be found for a stream-side afternoon under the shade of willows. Like him she will philander wisely with words, as when she compares the inefficiency of the English 'darling' and 'dearest' alongside of the more melodic and arduous Italian of *tesoro mio, gioja mia, amore mio, cuore mio*. Like him also she faces the intimacies of love and sex with an almost sexless candour, and there is enough and to spare of these elements, it may be inferred, in this story of an English lady married to a dark Italian count whom too soon she discovers to be a Sphinx unburdened with a secret. A certain Giulio (too pointedly, perhaps, born on our heroine's birthday, and too mechanically providing the masculine antithesis of her name) rescues her from torpor; so efficiently,

indeed, that he is the father of her second son, little as the father of her first son suspects it. The intrigue continues for many years, not without breathless moments that shudder upon the cliff-edge of discovery. With the growth to young manhood of the contessa's two sons, fresh complications are woven about the hapless lady. Not even the death of the unsatisfactory count wholly resolves them, for the impetuous lover is not so impetuous as the contessa may pardonably have hoped. Mrs. Harter is skilful enough to suggest that the conclusion of her own narrative does not set a term to the adventures of her heroine's dark eyes. She certainly has devised an effective setting for them in the elaborate country house of the English lady who is the sole other member of the 'Love Conference'—sole other member, that is, if we exclude the pet birds and beasts who utter an immanent half-ironic comment upon the whole exotic entertainment.

My Lady April. By John Overton. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.

THE title of this charming romance seems to us unfortunately chosen. It somehow suggests a different type of heroine from the spirited and intelligent Dorothy Forrest, and a different environment from that over which she signally triumphs. The scene opens at Bath during Beau Nash's reign, and achieves that mysterious asset known to critics as "atmosphere," though not through scrupulous accuracy in detail. We doubt, in particular, whether a girl of Dorothy's age and position could have gone alone into society without entirely losing her character. But her adventures after she is deserted by her unspeakable parents have the right eighteenth-century ring, and the worst, though not perhaps the best, of them might well enough have happened in real life. We conjecture in no disparaging spirit that the story, full as it is of dramatic situations and potential "curtains," has been written with a view to the stage. Should such be its destiny, we hope that the author will prune away those linguistic anachronisms in which the dialogue abounds. They would certainly pass unnoticed by an average audience. But all the same it is a pity that they should disfigure an otherwise creditable piece of work.

Certain Persons. By St. John Lucas. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.

THE tales and sketches here republished from various magazines are described in the dedication as "trifles," and so, with a single exception, no doubt they are; but, being the work of a scholarly man of the world, with an agile and amusing style, they are by no means unconsidered trifles. Although they are nearly all concerned, directly or indirectly, with the war, they are quite freshly treated. Like many another who threw himself enthusiastically into the struggle, the author emerged from it filled with horrified contempt for this method of settling human differences; but if he spares us nothing of its essential monstrosities, he is capable also of enjoying its incidental drolleries and moments of relief. 'Arethusa,' the longest section of the book, deals with some of these. Two British officers meet, when on leave, in a Mediterranean islet, and become accidentally involved with a sinister gang of Levantines that maintains a secret base for the enemy's submarines. The situation is familiar enough, but it provides an excuse for some tantalizing scenery and a number of pages full of a jolly holiday feeling. A couple of little satires, in fable form, on stay-at-home chauvinists is of less account; but 'The Scribe,' a record, apparently of the author's own experiences as a recruit, is told with a good-humoured air of truth. By far the strongest of the war-pieces is the one entitled 'My son, my son,' a sympathetic study of one of those hapless young men who were unwillingly kept out of the voluntary fighting forces by the desperate prayers of some beloved woman—in this case an in-

valid mother. The utterly humiliated fellow loses his honour, only to find that the sacrifice is vain. Conscript claims him as a private soldier, despised by officers and men, his mother dies under the shock of his departure, and he himself falls in action. The incident of his death is beautifully treated, and the whole brief history is poignant and sincere. There is only one wholly unmilitary story in the volume, a semi-farcical monkish legend of saints and demons. It is set out with great zest and charm, and reveals a nice taste for the good things of life—a taste of which indications are often cropping up in other parts of the book. Altogether a very refreshing hour or two may be passed in Mr. Lucas's company.

Lanty Hanlon. By Patrick MacGill. Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.

THE history of the Ballykeeran Development Society, the foundation of which was Lanty Hanlon's most grandiose accomplishment, makes only moderately bright reading, and is treated at too great length for its merits; but his other experiences are well and gaily recorded. At the outset of his career Lanty appeared as a kind of Irish relation of the well-known "Card"; a plausible, ingenious, resourceful, semi-honest creature, apparently marked out for success in business. But he could not support growing prosperity as well as Denry. Whisky was his undoing, combined with a charlatanry that was constantly overreaching itself; and he degenerated into a drunken thimble-rigger, cheap-jack and village philosopher—Autolycus, with a dash of Polonius, or rather, perhaps, of David Harum. Presented in a caricature form, he yet stands out as a significant figure, and makes good company for most of the way. There is a superabundance of horseplay, however, in his chronicle; and this rough humour is always perilous to use, as admirers of (for instance) Mr. H. G. Wells and "George A. Birmingham" will know. The least error in handling, the faintest hint of redundancy, and laughter is stifled in yawns. Nor is Mr. MacGill ever as richly droll as Canon Hannay at his best, although he can be undeniably funny in the savage, almost insane, manner which we have been taught, rightly or wrongly, to associate with the Irish peasantry. 'Spanish Gold' and 'The Search Party' are much better fun than 'Lanty Hanlon,' but they cannot compete with it in charm of thought and word. It is in his romantic moods that Mr. MacGill becomes fascinating. There are many passages, reminiscent of the hills and waters of his native land, that are charged with poetry; and we would have been glad to exchange a good deal of the conventional potheen-and-shillelagh business for a few more of them.

Mocking Bird Gap. By Jarvis Hall. Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.

BRET HARTE is the father of all such as handle the themes which have furnished forth this volume. True, the stage is set, not in California, but on the frontier between Old and New Mexico. But actors and scenery are of the familiar order. In one fundamental particular, however, his estimate, namely, of women, Mr. Hall takes leave to differ from the master. That his leading lady should be a postmistress is quite in the Bret Harte tradition. But she does not find that the work causes headache or necessitates male assistance. And to her friends, male and female, she is as true as steel. A less important novelty is the introduction of telephones, motor-cars and aeroplanes, which prove effective accessories. So far are they from jarring with a romantic environment that their essential serviceableness stands out far more forcibly than in the experience of civilized daily life. Spanish brigands, American airmen and disabled soldiers contribute to the building up of a pleasant story in every respect above the average.

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

UNTIL recently, Professor Einstein easily held the distinction of having more books written around and about him and his theory than any other man of the day. In one week, three volumes dealing with this subject were reviewed in the columns of the SATURDAY, all, by the way, coming from the same firm of publishers. Now, however, M. Coué is challenging Professor Einstein's title, though he has considerable leeway to make up before he can claim a victory. It is, of course, only natural that a heavy crop of literature should spring from the doctrines of these two men, but some of the expository volumes have hardly been remarkable for their lucidity, and I am doubtful whether the general public will be able for a very long time to grasp even the rudiments of Relativity.

The latest addition to this prolific harvest is a translation of two lectures by Dr. Einstein, entitled *Sidelights on Relativity*. It is published by Messrs. Methuen, who state that it "should prove of interest to all those who in any way are attempting to understand Einstein's work, but more particularly to those who feel the lack of the clear imagery of the older ether theories." Messrs. Methuen are also responsible for *Emile Coué: the Man and His Work*, by Mr. Hugh Macnaughten, the Vice-Provost of Eton College. Mr. Macnaughten writes from personal experience, for he was himself cured at Nancy. I am interested to see that he considers that M. Coué obtains better results at Nancy than he did during his recent visit to London. There are some of us who regret the somewhat unseemly "stunt" that the newspapers made of that visit.

I have been looking at Sir Frederick Treves's *The Lake of Geneva* (Cassell, 25s. net). It is a pleasant addition to the author's well-known series of travel books. He begins with a description of the modern town of Geneva, including a vivid account of the famous Escalade of 1602—known to most English readers from Mr. Stanley Weyman's romance *The Long Night*—and then proceeds on a perambulation of the lake. Every town and village is duly described, with its mythical history and its literary association; but surely it is rather a triumph to have devoted a whole chapter to Gruyères without mentioning cheese! The book is entertaining, and to have read it will add greatly to the interest of a stay on Lake Lemman. There are a hundred excellent illustrations from photographs, mostly of churches, castles and houses.

I confess that in the last year or two I have been almost entirely ignorant of Roumanian literature in the sense of a literature really springing from the people, and not merely a cosmopolitan accomplishment imitating the art of other countries. But since the war one or two books showing forth a quite different Roumanian literature have been published here, and I have been interested in them because of the sense of vitality and reality which they convey. Messrs. Nash & Grayson have just published *Gipsy Blood*, by Konrad Bercevic (7s. 6d. net), a collection of short stories of peasant life in Roumania. It is a new note in fiction, and a very welcome one. Because, although the form chosen is that of fiction, one feels that reality and realism are the key-notes of the writing, which is inspired directly by the nomad life of the gipsy tribes, the festivals by the frozen Danube, the elemental contests of village fairs, and the strange doings of bear-tamers in snow-covered mountains. I strongly recommend these stories to people who still care about fiction as a living art and are interested in its development in a new soil.

Last week I alluded to Mr. Crawley's hints for lawn tennis beginners. Messrs. Methuen make a speciality of this kind of handbook, and this week they have sent to this office a little book of forty-five pages called *The Secret of Golf for Occasional Players*, by "A Veteran," and priced at 2s. net. Its teaching is by no means orthodox, but the author argues that advice from one who has been guilty of almost every fault and who has cured himself, may often prove more valuable than the teachings of a champion who has had no personal experience of the faults he describes. Yet, surely, even a champion must once have had faults? The author takes each club in turn and carefully examines its uses and the manner in which it should be employed; but I am bound to say that all the written advice in the world will be of little service to the "occasional player" for whom this book is admittedly written. In golf, as in every other game, constant practice is essential to success, and the "secret of golf" must remain hidden to those who lack the time or inclination to delve it out of bunkers by their own bitter experience.

I am not particularly enamoured of any of the jacket designs on this week's books, but there is considerable attraction in the bold line and splashes of colour in the jacket of *Snags and Shallows*, by C. C. Lewis, published by the Bodley Head. The drawing is signed G. S. Brien, and it certainly succeeds in conveying a sense of dazzling tropical sunlight. A cheerful design adorns the cover of *The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories*, by I. A. Bunin, published by the Hogarth Press, whose books always bear marks of having been produced by careful and enthusiastic craftsmen.

China Awakened, by M. T. Z. Tyau (Macmillan, \$5 net), contains, in justification of its title, a mass of information respecting many phases of present-day China. Her politics and finance, rightly stated to be "difficult," are omitted. To my mind the work certainly merits attention because, in the first place, it is that of a Chinese writer who presents the Chinese point of view in readable English, and, in the second, it has much that is fresh, instructive and hopeful to say about the awakening of China. One of the most interesting chapters, in an interesting book, is that on the Student Movement which has become a great force in the whole life and outlook of the Chinese people.

I have been spending a little time in making *Excursions in Victorian Bibliography* with Mr. Sadleir (Chaundy & Cox, 21s. net). I can hardly imagine a more hopeless task than collecting first editions of Victorian three-volume novels, yet that is what Mr. Sadleir is apparently successful in doing, to judge by the emphasis he lays on "condition." His bibliographies are built round this central requisite, and it is of course the chief difference between a valuable and a worthless book, as things go at present. But I find the little essays prefixed to the bibliographies more interesting. Trollope heads the list, but as the essay has already appeared in the magazines, I need only remark that the author should have corrected his mistake of putting the murder trial into 'Phineas Finn' instead of 'Phineas Redux.' Another point: I never met a riding-man who was not enthusiastic about his hunting chapters. Disraeli is properly praised for his great novels *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, *Tancred*, and *Lothair*. I do not think, even now, it is recognized how fine they are. Trollope and Disraeli are the best guides to the spirit of Victorian politics.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

Prizes will be given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. The prizes will consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published, in the issue following that in which the problem was set. Each competitor should indicate his choice when sending his solution.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Hodder & Stoughton	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodge	Odham Press
Chapman & Hall	Herbert Jenkins	Stanley Paul
Collins	Hutchinson	Putnam's
Dent	Jarrold	Routledge
Fisher Unwin	John Lane, The Bodley	Sampson Low
Foulis	Head	Selwyn & Blount
Grant Richards	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Gyldendal	Melrose	Ward, Lock
	Methuen	Werner Laurie

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Below are the subjects for competition:—

1. *Prose.* A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best description of the contemporary novel, by a Historian of English Literature writing a century hence. The term "contemporary" refers to the present period, not to the period of the hypothetical historian.
2. *Verse.* A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best lyric, not exceeding sixteen lines in length, expounding the Theory and Practice of Musical Comedy.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Friday, May 26, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 11.

1. "Shadow to life, moving where life doth move."
2. Prompt against tyranny her strength to prove.
3. "Term of reproach?" To fools or knaves alone!
4. A tasty root in kitchen gardens grown.
5. By Nansen styled the mildest of mankind.
6. A famous mountain, more than hard to find.
7. From her the slothful may a lesson learn.
8. They conquered, and were conquered in their turn.
9. The gate of Scotland, as her sons confess.
10. "A poet?" Ay, but this is in excess.
11. "Grows on the loftiest and least sheltered rock."
12. Seest thou in him the father of the flock?
13. Time has not dimmed this Roman poet's fame.
14. Hadassah was the maiden's other name.
15. Thus are they called who learning's path pursue.
16. As orator he won the honour due.
17. Some latent malady perhaps it shows.

A THESIS NONE WILL VENTURE TO OPPOSE
WHO MODERN WARFARE'S CHANGED CONDITIONS KNOWS.
TO RULE THE WAVES MIGHT SERVE IN DAYS GONE BY:
BRITANNIA NOW MUST LEARN TO RULE THE SKY!

N.B.—For lights 1 and 11 see 'The Light of Asia' and 'Childe Harold.'

Solution to Acrostic No. 10.

In accordance with a wish expressed by a large number of competitors, it has been decided to grant a longer period for the solution of acrostics. Accordingly, the Solution to Acrostic No. 10 will not be published till next week. Solutions must in future reach the Acrostic Editor by the first post on the Friday following the date of publication, and the correct solution will be announced a fortnight after the first appearance of the acrostic. Thus the number of the solution will each week be two less than that of the acrostic—e.g., this week we publish Acrostic No. 11 and Solution to Acrostic No. 9.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 9.

TO-DAY THIS LOYAL SENTIMENT I GIVE:
OUR GRACIOUS MONARCH, FRIENDS! LONG MAY HE LIVE!

1. Renowned, though small, for cheerfulness and glee.
 2. A river—but beheaded it must be.
 3. Here few but natives could find sweet repose.
 4. Without it, General, can you beat your foes?
 5. Look where the Rhone resumes his arrowy course.
 6. See! it's transposed: no need, then, for a horse.
 7. Famed Chiltern's son: he never was thought wild.
 8. Its nodding plume appalled the warrior's child.
 9. "Her eye proclaimed her of the Briton-line."
 10. Fair land of valour, mirth, romance, and wine!
 11. You can't deny that it looks very black.
 12. Emilia may put you on its track.
 13. My "glittering minarets" the Wanderer saw.
 14. A penalty inflicted by the law.
- N.B.—For Lights 9 and 13, see 'The Bard' and 'Childe Harold.'

Solution to Acrostic No. 9.

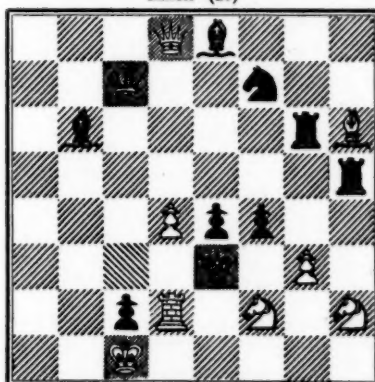
G	ri	G ¹	
(Y) E	O	O	¹ As merry as a grig.—"The reference
O	yster-be	D	is explained variously as being to a
R	esourcefulness	S	cricket or to a Greek."
G	enev	A	² In Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' Bk. xv,
E	clithe	V	"Chiltern's son," the River Tame,
T	(h)am	E ²	marries Isis ("Cotswold's heiress")
H	elme	T ³	whose son and heir is Thames.
E	lizabet	H ⁴	³ Iliad, Bk. vi, 467-70.
F	ranc	E	⁴ Gray, 'The Bard,' iii, 2.
I	n	K	⁵ An Italian town in the province of
F	orl	I ⁵	Emilia.
T	epale	N ⁶	⁶ 'Childe Harold,' Canto ii, 55.
H	angin	G	

Solvers are requested to read the conditions carefully before choosing books.

CHESS PROBLEM No. 28.

By the late W. TIMBRELL PIERCE.

BLACK (10)



WHITE (8).

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on May 23.

PROBLEM No. 27.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) R-R6.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 28.—Correct from P. J. Wyndham, G. C. Hughes, J. Bonus, W. Mason, C. O. Grimshaw, A. E. Thiselton, Albert Taylor, J. A. Deary, J. Mackintosh, Rev. S. W. Sutton, Roland A. Read, J. Storey, "Dunstan," E. R., A. Lewis, E. Cameron, "Shibu," E. F. Emmet, Joseph Fine, Edward Agate, R. Black, Cecil Richardson.

PROBLEM No. 27.—The first correct solution was received from Dr. Eric L. Pritchard, of 70, Fairhazel Gardens, South Hampstead, who is requested to select as his prize one of the books reviewed in our columns last week and available under the conditions laid down for our competitions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. JESPER AND OTHERS.—In No. 26, Kt-Q3 and Kt-R6 are met by Kt-Q5.

The Town Council of Hastings have decided to find the funds and to lend the Town Hall for a competition to take place early in September between the present and past chess champions of the world and the two candidates for the title. This means that Capablanca, Lasker, Alechin and Rubinstein will be invited by the municipality to fight for the four prizes offered of £100, £75, £50 and £25. Thus does Hastings add to its already splendid record of encouragement given to the game of chess;

the town has never looked back in this matter since it accommodated the great international tourney of 1895, when the late H. N. Pillsbury of America came out ahead of a formidable crowd of experts, he being only twenty-one years of age at the time.

Obiter dicta Caissa. VIII.

The two predominant appeals made by chess are (1) to those who love a fight (specially an uphill fight) and (2) to those with a keen sense of the artistry of the game. To no player are these appeals of equal force; but, with hardly an exception, the problem composers will be found in the latter group.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Books and Characters. French and English. By Lytton Strachey. Chatto & Windus: 12s. 6d. net.

Sidelights on Relativity. By Albert Einstein. Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.

The Lake of Geneva. By Sir Frederick Treves. Cassell: 25s. net.

The Open Spaces. By John C. Van Dyke. Scribners: 9s. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A History of Everyday Things in England. In six parts. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Batsford: 3s. net each.

British Flags. By W. J. Perrin. Cambridge University Press: 30s. net.

My Memories of Eighty Years. By Chauncey M. Depew. Scribners: 16s. net.

South Sea Reminiscences. By T. R. St. Johnstone. Fisher Unwin: 16s. net.

The Expansion of Britain. By W. R. Kermack. Oxford University Press: Milford: 2s. 6d. net.

The Russian Turmoil. Memoirs: Military, Social and Political. By General A. I. Denikin. Hutchinson: 24s. net.

The World at the Cross Roads. By Boris L. Brasol. Hutchinson: 12s. 6d. net.

VERSE

Daybreak. By Fredegond Shove. Hogarth Press: 3s. 6d. net.

Karn. By Ruth Manning Sanders. Hogarth Press: 3s. 6d. net.

Poems. By Isaac Rosenberg. Heinemann: 6s. net.

Spanish Folk Songs. By Salvador de Madariaga. Constable: 3s. 6d. net.

The Sweet Miracle and Other Poems. By W. Force Stead. Cobden Sanderson: 6s. net.

FICTION

Abbe Pierre. By Jay William Hudson. Appleton: 7s. 6d. net.

Brushwood. By Kathleen M. Barrow. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

Harbour Lights. By Lady Poore. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

Mooncalf. By Floyd Dell. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

Mothers-in-Law. By Baroness von Hutten. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.

Shadow-Show. By Viola Bankes. Long: 7s. net.

Snags and Shallows. By C. C. Lewis. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

Stolen Fruit. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.

Tales of Chinatown. By Sax Rohmer. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.

The Gentleman from San Francisco. By I. A. Bunin. Hogarth Press: 4s. net.

The Girls. By Edna Ferber. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

The House of Ogilvy. By Winifred Duke. Long: 7s. net.

The Invisible Pickpocket. By James M'Govan. Jenkins: 2s. 6d. net.

The Luck of the Town. By Marion Fox. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

The Measure of Youth. By Emmeline Morrison. Long: 7s. net.

Webs. By Countess Barcynska. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.

When the Ice Melts. By Amy J. Baker. Long: 7s. net.

SPORT

First Steps to Batting. By D. J. Knight. Mills & Boon: 5s. net.

First Steps to Lawn Tennis. By A. E. Beamish. Mills & Boon: 4s. net.

The Art of Cricket. By Warwick W. Armstrong. Methuen: 6s. net.

The Secret of Golf for Occasional Players. By "A Veteran." Methuen: 2s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Beric the Briton. By G. A. Henty. Blackie: 2s. net.

Elementary Algebra. Part I. With Answers. By E. H. Chapman: Blackie: 3s. net.

Elementary Physics. (Second Year.) By William Cameron. Blackie: 3s. net.

Emma. By Jane Austen. Blackie: 1s. net.

Gringoire. By de Banville. Edited by Arthur Danielson. Blackie: 1s. net.

Histoire d'Aucassin et de Nicolette. Edited by Ph. A. Guiton. Blackie: 2s. net.

Le Colonel Chabert. By Honore de Balzac. Edited by F. W. M. Draper. Blackie: 1s. net.

The Dragon and the Raven. By G. A. Henty. Blackie: 2s. net.

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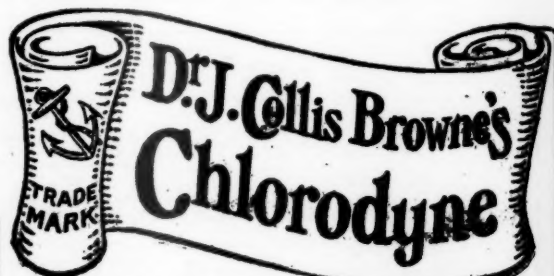
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